

Mexican Life

Mexico's Monthly Review

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FOUNDED IN 1924

JULY, 1952

No. 7, Vol. XXVIII

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JULY, 1952

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The photograph above is that of the handsome and modern building which houses the Laboratories Arcy of Mexico. Surrounded by spacious and beautiful gardens, these laboratories are located at Avenida del Castillo No. 201, in the Lomas de Chapultepec.

Visitors in Mexico from countries north of the Rio Grande, where authentic French cosmetic products are sold at almost prohibitive prices because of very high import duties and equally high luxury tax, will be pleased to discover that the Laboratories Arcy of Mexico supply the local market with the finest French perfumes and cosmetics at very reasonable price.

The Laboratories Arcy of Mexico command a most picturesque view of the exclusive Lomas residential section and the rolling hills in the background. Mr. Louis Eychenne is the owner and general manager, while Mr. Henri Thuillier is the technical chief. They both belong to the famous school of perfume chemists whose origin and capital is Grasse, France.

With traditional French hospitality Mr. Eychenne escorts the visitor through the various sections of his plant, explaining in detail how it operates. From the ample reception hall we proceed to the air-conditioned room stocked with rows of large containers wherein alcohol is being aged after having been processed and rectified. Each of the larger containers has a capacity of 2,000 liters, while the smaller, whose contents are intended for lotions, have that of 500 liters.

Our next stop is in the main laboratories, which

are equipped with a variety of precision and test instruments, indispensable in the modern process of producing fine perfume. Mr. Eychenne explains that his establishment utilizes solely imported French essences and ingredients. The price of some of these is above ten thousand pesos per kilo. Once received at the plant these materials are handled with extreme care: they are bottled and stored for subsequent use in air-conditioned rooms.

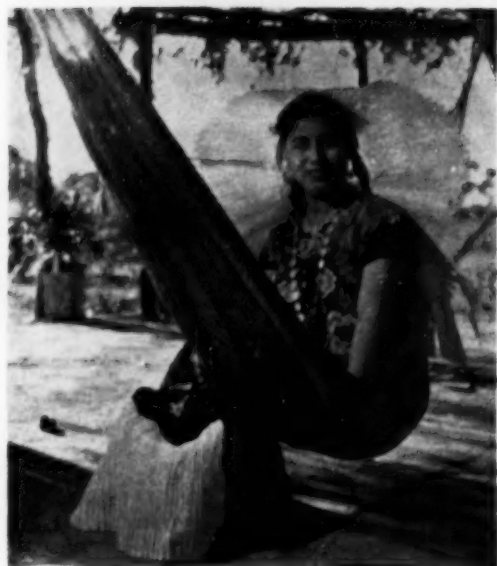
The finished products in all lines—which comprise the perfumes, lotions and brilliantines INTERMEZZO, CAPRICE, BALLET, SONATA, PIGALLE and OH, LA, LA!!, anti-sunburn oil BRONZASOL ARCY, and English Lavender Lotion, brilliantine and soap ARCY—are original creations of these laboratories. The scent combinations, the styles and designs of containers, show delicate taste. These products, destined to enhance feminine charm and beauty and to please the most exacting clientele, are examples of the finest in this branch of science and art.

In parting, our attentive host, Mr. Eychenne, points out that perfumes have their poetry, much as poetry has its perfume, quoting a stanza of Countess de Noailles:

*"Le visage baigné des flots joyeux de l'air
Et de tous les parfums que le vent doux étale..."*

*(Her face caressed by the joyous air
And all the perfumes brought by the wind...)"*

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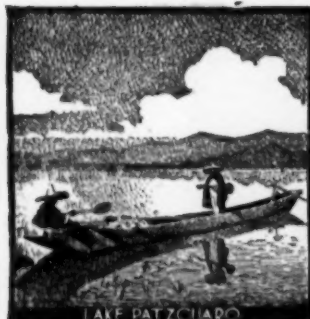
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Mexican Life

Uruguay No. 3 Mexico City

Telephone: 12-59-78

Published on the first day of every month

Registrado como Artículo de 2a. Clase el 22 de Octubre de 1927

Number 7 Volume XXVIII

July 1st, 1952

HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

EDITOR

A Grave Municipal Problem

ONCE again the heavy rainfall of the summer months has produced in this city the grave problem of flooded streets, paralyzing traffic and commerce in the downtown section, entailing a material loss running into hundreds of millions of pesos, and imperiling the health of the population.

The floods are due to the progressive sinking of the city's ground-level, which, on the other hand, is attributed to the contraction of the subsoil resulting from the extraction of water by thousands of deep wells. Thus, paradoxically, the excess of water above is due to the shortage of water below.

As is commonly known, the Valley of Mexico was at one time almost entirely covered by water, and the ancient city of Tenochtitlán comprised various islands. Through the course of centuries the water had been largely drained off the surface—with only a remnant of the great lake Texcoco remaining today along the Northeastern margins of the city—, but the subsoil upon which the modern City of Mexico rests is a watery slush of the former lake-bottom, extending to an explored depth of three thousand feet. And since the composition of this slush is nine parts water and one part dirt, the extraction of some of this water content, as well as the greatly increased pressure from above created by the weight of numerous heavy new buildings, naturally condenses the dirt and lowers the ground-level of the city.

Hence, again paradoxically, in order to prevent future floods the city must absorb a great volume of water, or to find a way of replenishing the water that has been drawn from its subsoil, or to at least stop its further depletion. With the sinking of its ground-level now representing an approximate average of twelve inches a year, the problem of floods is becoming more acute and perilous with each rainy season. It can, in the course of future years, actually render large sections of the metropolis untenable.

Thus the solution of this dire problem has preoccupied our city authorities and has become the subject of urgent and exhaustive studies. As a general consensus, a total rehabilitation of the drainage system is deemed necessary. This system, designed and built for a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants is inadequate for one that now exceeds three million and has, moreover, become functionally defective because of the undulant ground-level. At the time when the main drainage canal, which removes the sewage from the city, was built some fifty years ago, its level was forty-five feet below that of the Zocalo square. The precipitated sinking of the city level in recent years has reduced this difference in level to fifteen feet, which has almost eliminated the force of gravitation that sends the sewage waters from the city mains into the canal. The fact that this canal extends over a length of forty-eight kilometers on a straight level further reduces the force of gravitation. Thus, if the

city continues sinking at the present rate within a few more years the drainage canal will become entirely inserviceable. And if this should ever come to pass the city will face a veritable catastrophe.

The municipal government, however, is obviously cognizant of the grave menace, and is exerting every effort to avert it. While the floods are being reduced by means of pumping installations, extensive studies are being carried out by specially appointed commissions of experts which will lead to a definitive project to permanently safeguard the city.

Since it is now generally agreed that the floods are caused by the city's sinking and that this sinking is due to the withdrawal of water from its spongy subsoil, the initial phase of the project must involve the elimination of deep wells which are extracting an average of eight thousand liters of water per second. For it is only by stopping further depletion of subsoil water that the city's ground-level can be brought to a point of stability, lacking which a rehabilitation of the underground drainage system could not be carried out with success.

The project therefore primarily consists of finding a substitute source for the deep wells which at present produce a large share of the potable water required by the city. According to authoritative studies, this source may be found within a close proximity to the city in the mountains surrounding the Valley of Mexico. It has been estimated that a maximum volume of twenty-three thousand liters per second could be obtained from spring-fed streams and subterranean deposits along the zone extending from Texcoco and Amecameca to the slopes of the volcanoes, and that this volume would suffice for the needs of the city up to 1970, when its population will likely reach a total of four million and a half.

It is calculated that the cost of building the new water supply system would be in the neighborhood of a billion pesos. Following, moreover, the creation of this new system it would yet be necessary to rehabilitate the drainage installation, which would represent an investment of an equally formidable sum. An expenditure of such dimensions, unfortunately, is entirely beyond the means of a municipal government whose current annual budget is that of three hundred and fifty million pesos.

Hence other ways and means will have to be found to finance the project. The population at large, duly aroused to the common danger, will have to be induced to provide the money for the urgent task. The problem might be solved through the issue of bonds to be offered to the public upon the consideration that since the peril of floods affects every inhabitant of this city to rid the city of this peril must involve the material cooperation of all.

Whatever steps are taken, it is obvious that the problem demands swift and effective action.

Master Mechanic

By Sylvia Martin

SOMETHING is sure to go wrong with your car. Mexico has good paved roads, but gringo cars don't like the altitudes, and when you go off the beaten track they are outraged at having to ford streams and bump over cobblestones. Sooner or later you haunt the big service stations. But the best mechanics are not always to be found there.

When the motor threatened to fall out of Sam's Pontiac, we made inquiries and were given an address. It brought us to a wooden garage in a ward which seemed to belong to a scatter of busy chickens. A very small boy peered at us from under a partly dismantled car which he was further dismantling. Sam looked worried until Eusebio Olivera stepped out from a dark corner of the shed.

There are doctors whose bedside manner, combining the right proportions of gravity and honest competence, is in itself a healing draught. Eusebio Olivera was like that. His clear, steady eyes belonged to the hero of an old-fashioned novel, and his aura of moral responsibility as well. When he laid hands on the sick Pontiac I knew it was as good as cured.

The small boy popped up at Don Eusebio's elbow. Bombarded with crisp orders, he shot from garage to car, fetching and carrying.

"He seems young," I remarked. The master looked up with a rare smile and at that moment he looked very young himself.

"I have four apprentices and two hired assistants," he said, "and of them all Gonzalo Gomez will soon be the best. He is only thirteen, but he has been with me two years. It is enough time to know that he will be a great mechanic."

Once more the physician, he turned to Sam pronouncing his diagnosis. "It's a small thing. A bolt is missing. I have one that will do."

Sam the skeptic examined the garage. He came out whistling softly. "The man has everything here," he exclaimed. "Everything! How does it happen?"

Eusebio Olivera came from a village where his father was an electrician. At twelve he was apprenticed to a maker of electrical equipment. On the side he got a machinist's job with a small manufacturer. He worked sixteen hours a day. "I was happy," he said, "because my master was a great teacher."

When Eusebio was fifteen, his father moved to Tasco. Working in a machine shop, the boy developed a talent for making new machines out of old bits and pieces. Tasco is a small town where reputations are quickly made if the stuff is there to make them. Its principal industry is silver mining. At seventeen Eusebio Olivera was given charge of the machinery of an important mine. The job paid so well that two years later he resigned to set up a shop.

"Then," said Don Eusebio, "my father went away." It was the old story of another woman. He told it without emotion, although he was left to support his abandoned mother, two sisters, and a younger brother. It was probably then that his expression became so grave.

Olivera bought a piece of land for his family and a freight truck for his brother. It was a lot of money. When his own enterprise was tottering, an engineer called him to Cuernavaca to install the machinery for a new ceramics factory. With his wages he paid his debts and saved enough to launch the garage and machine shop we had discovered.

Now at last, at the advanced age of twenty-two, with the big family in Tasco safe and financially sound, Olivera has found time to fall in love. After the wedding he will move to Mexico City to open a

Continued on page 66



Water Color.

By Carl Pappe.



Clay figure of drummer and Huehuetl.
From Jalisco.

Clay figure playing Turtle Shell.
From Nayarit.

Figure blowing conch-shell.

Musical Instruments of Ancient Mexico

By Frederick A. Peterson

THE main function of music in Ancient Mexico was to accompany religious ceremonies, and give them rhythm, movement and action. Another function was simply to make noise, to scare off the enemy or confuse him. Music, for private recreation, was probably secondary.

To the present date no string instruments have been discovered from pre-Spanish Mexico. They had only percussion and wind instruments, rattles, tinklers and rasps.

There were two general types of drums, a large drum, used mainly in upright position, was generally made from a thick log, hollowed out from both ends, with a membrane stretched on top. The general name for these drums is Huehuetl, and the bigger they were the bigger the name assigned to them. Thus they were called in Nahuatl: Panhuehuetl and Tlalpanhuehuetl. The Huehuetl was usually about twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, depending upon the height and from two feet to four feet high, with walls about two inches thick. Sometimes the huehuetl was brilliantly painted and bedecked with gold bands and feathers, and often it was very elaborately carved.

It was played by hitting with the hands, fingers, or with little balls made of native rubber placed on the ends of sticks. The lower part was open and was usually in such manner that the drum stood on several supports. The membrane that was stretched over the top was said to be of tiger or deer-skin. It is also related, in the old chronicles, that in order to raise the tone of the drum, it was brought nearer to the ceremonial fire, so that the hide would shrink more, and give a sharper note. The old conquistador Bernal Diaz

del Castillo, in his, "Historia Verdadera de la Conquista," has this to say about the Tlalpanhuehuetl:

"They had an exceedingly large drum there, and when they beat it the sound of it was so dismal and so resembling echoes from the infernal regions, that it could be heard over a distance of two leagues, and they told me that the skins it was covered with, are the skins of great snakes."

The other type of drum was the Teponaztli. This was usually a long round drum, used in horizontal position, and generally open on the bottom side. This opening was used to hollow out the drum. The top side had two longitudinal tongues on it, which were a fixed part of the drum on both ends, but were cut away on the sides and in the middle, where they almost met, thus forming a long "H"-opening. The two tongues were struck with rubber-covered sticks, each tongue having two different tones, according to which end was struck. This drum was not used for signalling, but as accompaniment for the religious and ritualistic dances.

A small type of Huehuetl was used in war time, and sometimes in dancing. Padre Diego Durán, in his "Historia de Las Indias," Chapter I, says of this: "And with the Lords all in their places ready in the wing to go against those of Azcapotzalco, with their shields and swords, King Izoatl sounded a little drum that he carried on his back, which excited all of the Mexica of the army to great shouts and whistles and uproar, so that it put great fear into their opponents."

The Maya called this type of drum, "Tunkul," and it was reported that it could be heard a great distance. The teponaztli is usually of a higher sound

than the huehuetl, and was used in conjunction with the huehuetl at dances to take the tenor part, in opposition to the bass or basso-profundo of the Huehuetl.

Padre Motolonia tells us about such use of the drums in his "Historia de los Indios de la Nueva España," Chapter II: "Both drums sound very well and can be heard a long distance away. The larger drum, covered (with parchment) is beaten with the hands and this one they call Huehuetl. The other is beaten like the drums of Spain, with sticks, although it is made differently and called Teponaztli.

"The Lord with other principal nobles and the old men walk in front of the drum and begin to dance and go in a circle of three or four arms length around the drums, and when they are in position other dances fill in other circles around them, and swell the chorus.

"—and listening to the people dancing and singing, the drums begin in the tone and rhythm that the people are singing and dancing. The first songs are in a low tone, and slow, but later the songs and dances become more alive, and the raising of the tones and the sound of it all is most gracious, and seems as though they are carrying an air from one of those old hymns that have a kind of gaiety. The drums also raise their tone, and as the people that dance are many in number, it is heard a long ways off, especially where the air carries the voice, and more at night when all is still. To dance at this time provided many and great fiery flashes (of sound, movement and color), and it certainly was a sight to see."

Sometimes huehuetls were made out of clay, and several examples are still in existence from the Zapotec, Mixe and Aztec cultures.

Often flutes and flageolets would accompany the drums and help to swell the singing and dancing.

Often the combined effect would arouse the dancers to the point of ecstasy.

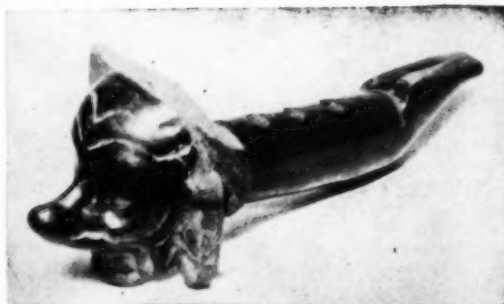
One story illustrates the religious function of musical instruments in ancient days. It is said that, in the Maya region, a drummer was playing at a human sacrifice when he missed the beat and threw everyone out of step. This was regarded as an ominous prophecy of evil, and the ritual was immediately stopped. The drummer was then made captive and held to take the place of the victim who was supposed to have been sacrificed. However, it is related that he escaped and fled the country. Such a custom today would rid us of many of the poor musicians with whom we are plagued, while doing our modern dances.

Flutes and flageolets were very popular, and some of them are still to be found in use today, as in the famous "Pole-Dance," or "Danza de los Voladores," held in Papanla, Vera Cruz, on Corpus Christi. They were made of reeds, wood, bone or clay. They were called in Nahuatl: Teezilacatl, Tlapizalli, and Cuatexclapizalli.

Continued on page 59



Copper bells.



Clay Flute with effigy head on end.
From Valley of Mexico.



Clay figure of drummer.
From Oaxaca.



Rasping instruments made out of deer-bone.



Oil.

By Armando García Nuñez.

The Futile Life of Pito Pérez

By José Rubén Romero

THE figure of a man, dark against the sky, was outlined in the glowing window of the church tower.

It was Pito Perez, lost in contemplation of the landscape. His great cracked shoes grimaced with pain, his trousers looked as if made of cobwebs; and his coat, fastened only with a safety-pin, cried out from all its open seams for the world's pity, and cried in vain. An old straw cartwheel surrounded his head with its golden halo. Beneath his wretched clothing could be seen his body, more wretched still; his colorless skin; and his lean withered face was like that of an ascetic wasted by fasting and vigilance.

'What are you up here for, Pito Perez?'

'To fish for memories with the landscape as my bait.'

'And I to hammer out figures of speech on the forge of the sunset.'

'Is it hard work?'

'No, indeed. And for you?'

'Not at all. We climb the tower for different ends and each of us, in his own way, pursues his aim. You, the poet, come to withdraw from the world while you hunt for the rhymes—fourteen little trembling birds—of a sonnet; I to draw still nearer to my native town before I leave it, perhaps forever; to feast my eyes on it, and to carry away in my memory all its nooks and corners, all its streets and orchards and hillsides. Possibly I may never see them any more.'

'Are you taking to the road again, Pito?'

'What else can I do? I am just a roving scamp and I shall never find a fixed employment. It's not that I want to go, I give you my word. I dislike leaving my native earth; after all, it is very much my own. Oh, those meat pies of Canuto's! Oh, Aunt Susa's tripe! Oh, the coconut cakes that Lino, the baker, knows how to make—how I relish them all! But I am just over a long unlucky drunken spell, and my relations, like everyone else in town, are tired of my company. Everything proves it to me: in the shops they will not give me credit any more; my friends do not ask me to their gatherings; and the President of the Town Council treats me as if I were the worst of criminals.'

'Why do you suppose he doubled the time I have just finished serving? Simply because of an innocent remark I made when I was sentenced. With the airs of a Solomon he announced his judgment: Pito Perez, for being drunk and disorderly, a fine of ten pesos, or thirty days in jail. To which I replied, with perfect urbanity, "But, Mr. President, what will you do with me all that time?" At once he discharged against me all the guns of his authority and condemned me to clean the prisoners' latrine for three nights in succession. Have you noticed that the despot's profession is easier than that of the doctor or the lawyer? First year: cycle of promises, smiles, and attentions for the voters; second year: liquidation of old friendships, to avoid being reminded of the past; third year: complete course of self-worship and megalomania; fourth and last year: reign of personal

caprice and tyranny of every kind. By the fourth year the office has begun to be so well hated that not even the University will honor it with a degree.'

'You are a wise fellow, Pito Perez. It's hard to imagine why you waste your life drinking and finding fault with the rest of humanity.'

'I am fond of the truth, and if I get drunk it is merely to provide myself with the courage to speak out. You know the old saw: Out of the mouths of babes and drunkards... Add to that the fact that I hate the privileged classes.'

'Come, sit down and let us talk like good friends.'

'With pleasure. Our conversation shall be entitled: Dialogue between a Poet and a Madman.'

We seated ourselves on the coping of the bell-tower and dangled our legs over the edge. My new shoes, beside the old shoes of Pito Perez, gleamed in their foolish rich-man's pride; gleamed, in fact, so brilliantly that Pito's glance rested on them with scorn and I felt all the depths of his reproach. Our shoes were the epitome of a world full of injustice and inequality.

'Why should our conversation be called the dialogue between a poet and a madman?'

'Because you set yourself up for a poet and because I am considered hopelessly insane. The townspeople say that everybody in my family has a screw loose. What nonsense! They say that my sisters Herlinda and María are religious maniacs because they are always in church; they say that Concha is touched because she spends her time teaching street dogs to sit on their hind legs and a yellow cat to eat at the table like a gentleman; they say Josefa threw herself head first into a well because she was out of her mind; and Dolores was crazy, so these wiseacres declare in their infallible wisdom, because she fell in love with a circus-rider. Joaquín, the priest, is insane, it seems, because he does not care about hearing the confessions of church-haunting old bigots; and I drink, sing, weep, and wander about the street in rags and tatters, why? Because I am insane!'

'What senseless logic! The real madmen are those who live without the will to live, just because they are afraid of dying; the real madwomen are those who do violence to their own feelings, just so nobody will say they ran away with a circus-rider; the real insane are those who torment animals instead of teaching them to love men. Am I not right, Brother Francis? The really mad are those who kneel to a being exactly like themselves in order to gabble obscenities, like those laundry-women who go down to the river every Saturday to wash the one shirt they possess knowing full well that they will do the very same thing next week, because they have no other to put on; and far crazier than I are the people who do not laugh or weep or drink, merely because they are slaves to empty social observances. I prefer my family of lunatics to the herd of hypocrites who think me an old animal because I do not sleep in their sheepfold or bleat when they bleat.'

'But it's one thing to be thought crazy by some people and another to spend your life committing follies and—pardon me for putting it so plainly—to have no regard for your own good name. What is your intelligence for?'

'Intelligence, fiddlesticks! The truth—and you will not believe this—is that I am doomed to misfortune. My bad luck has followed me since I was born; whatever I undertake turns out otherwise than I have intended. But don't imagine I drink for that reason; I drink because I enjoy it, and for nothing else. If I have any talent, I apply it to finding ways of getting my drink for nothing; for in so doing I am pleased twice over. How I did enjoy myself that time I drank a whole barrel of Catalonian wine in

the Flores wineshop without the owners discovering what I was up to! I'll tell you how I did it, in case you should ever care to profit by my example.

'In the Flores shop the barrels of wine served as the backs to the customers' chairs. Arriving there every night with the others, I carefully took my seat near a certain barrel. After conversing a while I would get to my feet with an effort, mumbling drunkenly. "But how full that Pito Perez does get!" remarked the owners of the shop night after night. "He arrives in his right mind and leaves on all fours." And that is exactly what I did. To find my way home I had to cross the streets on my hands and knees, sometimes mewing like a cat, sometimes barking like a dog, but always in a way so convincing that the animals themselves followed me in play. The secret of my drinking was this: in a hole which I made with a corkscrew in the head of my favorite barrel I inserted a rubber tube such as is used for irrigations, and by passing this under my coat I carried to my mouth the comfort of a liquid so delicious that by diligent sucking I soon liquidated the contents of the cask forever. Afterward, with a plug of Campeche wax, I concealed the hole. (What a pity that some other holes cannot be plugged in the same way!) The vice of wine is terrible, my friends; for to begin with, the drunkard must lose all modesty. To lose it is hard; but when it is lost how comfortable you feel, as one of Mexico's most noted rogues is said to have remarked.'

'Tell me about your life, Pito Perez.'

'I can't just now; I must keep an appointment with a friend who has offered to buy me a few drinks; it would be wicked not to make the most of so rich an opportunity.'

'Let us conclude a bargain, then. Come to this tower every evening and when we go down I will pay for your conversation with a bottle.'

'Of anything I choose? Of cognac? Of champagne? Don't be alarmed! Those things are for the rich exiles who do not love our native soil. Men who enjoy such drinks are, I imagine, like the Mexicans who went to Europe to fetch a prince as blond as champagne. We should use what the country produces: dark-skinned men, like Juárez, to govern us; and for our drinks, tequila, charanda, or the aguardiente of Puruarán, offspring of the sugar-cane, a vegetable as noble as the grape. If the Mass were celebrated with rum, I assure you the parish priests would be humbler than they are and kinder to their flocks.'

'Very well, then. Since you divert me so much I will pay for every hour of your conversation with a bottle of that very aguardiente of Puruarán you praise so much. What evildoers we are, after all; we offer a hungry man an apéritif, but never a piece of bread!'

'And you think you are going to be amused by listening to me! You think my life is a mosaic of wit and cleverness, or a music-box that plays only gay tunes. My life is sad, like that of all buffoons; but from seeing people laugh so often at my pain I have come to laugh at it myself, and to find my grief less bitter when it provides merriment for others. I am off now in search of my generous host, for I never break my promise to drink at another's expense. Tomorrow, according to our bargain, it will be your turn.'

And Pito Perez disappeared down the winding stairway of the tower like a dirty coin through the slot of an alms-box.

* * *

Pito Perez came to our meeting on the dot. He wore, in addition to his costume of the day before, a

celluloid collar, a cravat like a disordered bird's nest, and in the buttonhole of his filthy coat, a red carnation that resembled a stain of blood. Fixed in the lace mantilla of the sky, the sun, too, was like an over-blown carnation.

"How elegant you are, Pito Perez!"

"Am I not? My own mother would not know me. The trouble is that my shoes do not match my suit, and that my hat is too small, because the dead to whom it belonged did not have so large a head as mine."

"Since I have mentioned my mother, let us begin with her the story you have asked me to tell; a story which cannot, I am sure, serve any useful purpose. My mother was a saint who wandered from the straight path by doing good. Like a Sister of Charity she passed her nights watching at the bedsides of the sick; she took the bread from our mouths to feed persons who were poorer than ourselves; with hands of silk she wrapped the dead in their shrouds. When, about the time I was born, another infant of the neighborhood was left motherless, she offered him her generous breasts; but whereas the intruder grew strong and robust, I grew weak and sickly, because her milk did not suffice for us both."

"This was the first of those misfortunes which have dogged me ever since. I reached the threshold of life along with my brothers; but as there was no money with which to provide all three of us with professions, or even to educate us all, the two older boys had the preference. The result was that Joaquin went to the Seminary and Francisco to the Law School, since my mother wished to have a priest and a lawyer in the family: the one to make us respected in heaven above, the other to protect our interests on the earth below. For me they chose an office that partook of both professions and made me an acolyte in the parish church. Thus I wore a cassock like the priest and had charge of money like the lawyer; acolytes being, indeed, very like the executors of simple-minded folk, since in the hands of both lawyers and acolytes the money, whether it belongs to the saints of this world or of the next, is likely to disappear."

"In the performance of my ecclesiastical functions I was accomplished. To the priests of the church I was always respectful. Never did I turn my back irreverently on the altar on which our Lord was exposed; never, to make the celebrant and the worshipers weep, did I put chile seeds in the censer; never did I make water in the corners of the sacristy as the other acolytes were in the habit of doing. At meal-times the people who saw me, dressed in my red cassock, trotting in the direction of my home remarked with emotion, "Oh, what a good little boy Doña Conchita Gaona's son is! So pious! So sincere!" And can you guess why I did not take off my acolyte's gown when I went home? Because I had no trousers to put on, and with the skirts of my cassock I covered my nakedness to the very ankles. Thus I learned that clothing may hide many things that cannot bear the scrutiny of daylight."

"A fellow acolyte, one Melquiades Ruis, nicknamed San Dimas, was my guide and counselor in mischief. It was he who taught me, first to smoke in church, and then to drink the wine out of the sacred vessels. They called him San Dimas, not because he was so devout in his worship of the Good Thief, but because he was himself so good a thief. The sly rascal passed his time burning my behind with the live coals of the censer; saying, when I protested: "Brother Pito, the pain is a penance. Your burns bring you closer to the Lord. In punishing your weaker side I am merely the instrument of Divine Justice." To which I replied, "Just remember it's my

fatter side, too, and that you're scorching me, you jackass!"

"One day we saw a rich farmer from Turiran, after praying a long time, drop a peso in the alms-box of the Captive Christ, out of gratitude because there had been no hard frosts on his land. "Look, Pito," San Dimas said to me, "what luck the Captive Christ has had and with what an absent air he receives the gifts of the faithful. Later, no doubt, His Reverence will use them for his own needs. You heard him say he wants to visit Morelia and buy himself a piece of rattan furniture with whatever alms are collected these days. What if we were to get up early and go to the alms-box before he does?"

"San Dimas convinced me without much trouble. Because he was older than I, and because of a fire that burned in his eyes and made them light up from within, he had a certain power over me. Moreover, my theories on the subject of private property were never very strict. They were even less strict on the subject of property belonging to the saints, for I imagined the saints to be very indulgent with the needy; and what is more, to be without the legal identity which would enable them to prosecute a man in the courts of law."

"And your conscience, Pito Perez?"

"I keep that well under cover where it belongs, along with other useless things. Next morning two little acolytes arrived at the church when it was barely day. While San Dimas was lighting the candles on the high altar for the first Mass, keeping an eye meanwhile on the door of the sacristy, I went on tip-toe to the Captive Christ. Taking from under my cassock a blunt knife which I had brought for the purpose, I raised the lid of the alms-box and in mortal fright put both my hands inside. Among the copper pieces the coins of silver opened big frightened eyes, like maidens surprised stark naked by a band of robbers."

"Sh!" said San Dimas from the high altar, hearing the pennies clink. In my fright I clearly saw the Captive Christ reach out an arm as if to seize me. Hastily emptying the money in a piece of red cloth from the altar, I delivered it in fear and trembling to San Dimas, who flew from the church like a soul carried off by the Devil."

"In came Nazario, the sacristan, and said to me, "Hurry up, Pito. The father is getting dressed for Mass already."

"Aware that the first elderly worshipers were arriving and settling themselves on the stools in the confessionals, making ready to confess their faults of the night before, I went to the sacristy. Father Knuckles was getting into his robes. Only the black chasuble with gold galloons for the Mass of the Dead remained to be put on. We called him Father Knuckles because of his irascible disposition and for the regularity with which he rapped our poor heads with fingers as yellow and knotted as rods of bamboo."

* * *

"Out we went together, then, to celebrate the rite: the priest with a lowered glance whose scrutiny nothing escaped; I, in the role of assistant, carrying the missal on my chest very devoutly; pricking my ears in every direction to note whether the robbery had been discovered. Father Knuckles resembled a great capital letter in gold, I, beside him, an insignificant small letter printed in red ink."

"My thoughts thus distracted by my crime, I kept forgetting the responses of the Mass; and to keep the celebrant from remarking my lapses I replied in a gibberish as incomprehensible as the Latin

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Patterns of an Old City

HIS FLESH AND BLOOD

By Howard S. Phillips

LONG after the day's business was over, the lights turned off and the iron curtains pulled down over the street door and windows, Señor Ceballos remained sitting at his desk in the corner of the crowded wareroom behind the pharmacy, peering over his accounts, shuffling scraps of paper, fingering catalogues and advertising folders, compiling the list of items he would have to order on the following day, thus in the customary way winding up his routine.

Each night he relaxed in this manner from the strenuous task of the day. Dallying at his littered desk he retarded as far as possible his return home, he deferred the walk of several blocks to the house where he lived; he put off the inevitable return to an insurmountable reality, to a household whereof he was an inseparable yet somehow perpetually alien part. Each night, his mind mildly burdened with humdrum business worries, with small quotidian problems, he thus enjoyed such peaceful interim; and now, as so often before, while bent over his desk he thought about the growing difficulties of his trade, the hardships of conducting a neighborhood apothecary shop, with constantly increasing competition and the exorbitant price of goods and the sheer impossibility of carrying a satisfactory assortment of all the new preparations endlessly launched by the numerous laboratories and capriciously prescribed by physicians.

Here, amid his small worries, in the realm of petty triumphs and trivial failures, he yet enjoyed a spell of peace. For a while longer he was yet safely removed and secluded from the one irreparable failure that comprised his personal existence. Here he was yet el Señor Ceballos, master of his modest domain, employing his free initiative and exercising his full authority—a free man conducting his business in his own way. Here, after a crowded twelve-hour workday, during this brief period of solitude, in his tranquil immersion, in a self-contemplation that was devoid either of yearnings or regrets, he found the sustaining calm which enabled him to confront the inescapable reality that followed. There was no dream in his self-contemplation, for he had lost his dream long ago and now let his life shape its own course while he watched it from the sidelines.

The self-portrait which usually emerged in his vision was that of a man who in conventional measures had achieved his moderate success—a smallish, stoutish man, active and alert despite his sixty years, cheerful and attentive though somewhat reserved and not too amiable; liked and respected for his honesty and his obliging simple manner. In the neighborhood, his pharmacy was something of a landmark and its owner a man of solid prestige. It was known of course that his home life had not turned out as well as he might have deserved and that perhaps essentially he was a quite unhappy man. But then, everyone knows that all marriages involve the premise of for better or worse, and that a man is indivisible from his fate.

He knew that he should have gone home earlier on this night; he was sure that there was nothing more he could do at his desk, that he had finished with his task long ago, and yet he remained sitting inert and undecided, waiting for time to pass. I should be there,

he thought. This is the night when I should really be there. It is Rosita's final night at home. I would like to be near her. She would probably want me to be there. But I suppose I will just be getting in their way. Everything has been properly taken care of. My wife has seen to that. She always manages that. She does not need my aid or counsel. Everything is always taken care of properly. I am indeed a fortunate man. I have nothing to worry about. Things are always done the way they should be, and all I have to do is pay the bills. Tomorrow at eleven I will walk down the aisle and lead my daughter to the altar and give her away in marriage, and everyone will be happy and kind and I will be showered with congratulations... and then my daughter will be gone...

Somewhere, deep beneath the barrier of stilled emotions, of an insentience acquired through many years of suppressed pain and mute forbearance, the final thought produced a pang, a sharp awareness of ultimate desolation. Rosita—that one small margin of security within the ruin, the only thing he had precariously retained as his own—was leaving, and now there would be only the ruin, and he alone and unsupported in its midst.

I have had no place, he thought. And Rosita, passively, if only by virtue of being truly my flesh and blood, standing at my side, was placeless too. And yet in this strange way we were evenly divided—Pablo and she; Rosita and I. And now I will be alone. Now, even to retain my perilous placeness will be a supreme ordeal.

These thoughts had often weighed on his mind in the past months, and usually they were quelled in resignation. He could yet find relief in deferment. There was yet a little time ahead, a time of grace. Vaguely he felt that even the inevitable might yet somehow be averted. But now there was no further deferment. The time was up. Ya llevo el día, he said to himself. Ya llegó. But what indeed is the exact meaning of this crucial day? he asked himself, instinctively, self-defensively seeking in rationalizing the query to arrive at the final calm of resignation. Have I not expected it always? Have I not foreseen that this would have to happen some day—that she would presently grow up, become a young woman and seek her logical fulfillment, or at least a release—that she would grasp the first opportunity to flee from their dismal midst? Life, he reasoned, vouchsafes everyone the right to seek a satisfactory existence—yes, even to dream of happiness—and the time for it is youth. It is the brief and hazardous time when one does not perceive the thorn under the rose—the sad and beautiful time of boundless faith and valor, of fervent hope and a blind eagerness to face danger, to go forth to life and wrest from it one's due.

We all begin like that, he pondered. We set out with courage and strength and begin building our little castle, and some times we build firmly and achieve a veritable shelter, and some times we fail, and we are compelled to dwell in ruin, or languish in a prison from which we can never escape... Never? he asked himself. Is not Rosita escaping now? Surely—whatever her future might hold in store, whether she finds a veritable shelter, a ruin or prison—she is embracing her chance in escape. This much she undoubtedly owes to herself. And this much—he recalled with mild satisfaction—she has achieved for herself.

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Food and Farewell

By Hudson Stode

JUST as breakfast was being brought across the patio, a raggedy countryman with a wisp of a gray beard was admitted at the gate. He approached Barker humbly, hat in hand. It seems he had come from Señora Barker's little farm across the river. There was some question about both the milk goats and the turkeys. Barker was slightly put out. Didn't the man know by now that he didn't have any concern with such matters? He waved him toward the kitchen. "My wife attends to such truck."

His wife was a remarkable manager, he explained to us. She hired and fired the farm workers, decided what was to be planted, and gave the orders about the selling of the goat milk. "The workers respect her, I can tell you—and if they need cussing, she can do it, in both Spanish and Zapoteco. I can't be bothered with petty accounts. Down here the women do that."

Barker divined that I was wondering just what he did do. "I'm too busy with my commission business," he immediately amended. "I'm agent in these parts for a lot of different American products. And I collect idols for sale and specimens for zoos. I entertain men like Covarrubias and Rex Ingram when they are down here painting or gathering material for books. And I'm correspondent for the Associated Press." He pulled out his wallet and showed us his press card. He sighed profoundly. "But nothing much ever happens now. When there was no Panama Canal, the bay at Salina Cruz was jammed with ships of every nation. The steamer cargoes used to be transhipped across the Isthmus to the Atlantic. Money flowed like molasses in June. Those were days! The whole Isthmus swarmed with sailors and traders. All the women wore chains of American five-dollar gold pieces. Now Salina Cruz is a ghost town, gone to rust." He sighed again as the breakfast began with watermelon.

"The warehouses have rotted. No ships, no trade, no tourists, no nothing. Just fishing and sea bathing. Even the bathing is not as it was. Sharks come close to shore now. The quality of the once famous bawdyhouses has deteriorated shockingly. No more French or Spanish or even Chinese girls—only the dregs of local talent. The movie house runs pictures only once a week. The families who were rich in 1910 curse the Panama Canal, which brought them ruin. But now there is new hope pounding in their hearts. The Pan-American Highway is imminent. Motorists will want to stop to look at the Pacific, to bathe in the surf, to go sail-fishing. The town of Tehuantepec will pick up too when the highway comes



TEHUANA. Polychromed wood bas-relief.

By Roberto de la Selva.

through. I'll probably have to do the patriotic thing and turn this place into an exclusive guest house."

"You'd be doing your fellow Americans a real service," I said, as Myers and I declined a second slice of melon.

With no trouble at all Barker consumed half a good-sized watermelon. "I don't drink coffee or liquor," he said, "but I eat a lot of fruit."

After the eggs came the pancakes, piled high on a great family-sized platter, and maple syrup imported from Vermont. "You'll hurt my wife's feelings if you don't eat more," Barker urged again and again. And we rose from this July breakfast as full as from a Thanksgiving dinner.

It was two hours before we were able to rouse ourselves for a stroll. The morning was far advanced, the sun at prime heat. The businesswomen of Tehuantepec did not even take the Sunday-morning rest. The market stayed open throughout the forenoon. It was not as attractive as the one at Juchitán. It lay a few steps below street level, and the stone floor was not as clean as it might have been, so the women got their bare feet dirty. Among the women merchants and money-changers in the stalls there were three men. One of the men sold iguanas, those gigantic lizards whose white meat is considered a delicacy. Another sold melon by the slice. The third handled toilet articles, with a small display of Yardley's lavender shaving soap in wooden bowls. Barker remembered he was out of razor blades, and made a purchase. From a dignified old woman squatting on the pavement I ordered a bouquet of tuberose and white gladioli to be sent to our hostess.

A corner made by two streets that edged the plaza had been blocked off, and men were setting up the framework of an arbor. It was to be covered with the mountainous pile of palm branches that were being unloaded from a procession of oxcarts. Citizens were

sawing timber and hammering just as blithely as if it were eight o'clock of a Monday morning instead of eleven o'clock of a Sunday morning, with a marimba band practicing in the bandstand.

"You should stay for the fiesta Tuesday," Barker said. "The parties are very colorful here. When the marimbas play a sandunga even the onlookers get excited. The sandunga is the native dance of the Isthmus. And when it is danced to marimba music, it sets you tingling in every nerve and fiber. It has grace and slow fire, but it's not melancholy, like the Argentine tango. It's a dance of courtship. First the girls dance alone with eyes cast down, and the boys dance around them. There is none of that barnyard vulgarity of the Cuban rumba. You have to be native-born to do the sandunga well. The dance steps can be learned—it's the inner intensity of feeling that has to be bred in you. Often the young people dance all night, and the old folks join in when they can't stand it any longer. When the aged get very merry and lose control of themselves, it is called 'throwing their gray hairs into the air.'"

As we turned up a steep narrow street a teenage boy stupidly drunk bumped into me. He was acting smart and silly. One of his companions thought him funny; the two others were embarrassed and were trying to take him out of the public gaze.

"This younger generation of Indians!" snorted Barker. "Oh my, oh my! They make me sick. That kid's ancestors would have fixed him. Before the Spaniards came, drunkenness was not only abhorred, but in the case of a young man it was punishable by death. Adults who became drunk in public lost their property. Only persons who had passed sixty could drink as freely as they wished. Here in Tehuantepec it's the graybeards and the old ladies at the wedding feasts who drink themselves sick. Alcoholie puking is a la mode with the very aged in the Isthmus. But it's frowned on in youngsters. That boy should have his tail beat until he's sober."

We climbed the rocky southern heights of the town for the view. Part of Tehuantepec lay to the north and west, across the river. Each barrio (district) had its own separate church. Despite a sea breeze from the Pacific forty miles away, the heat from the yellowish sunlight was so intense that the churches and the houses seemed to quiver as if made of lemon jelly.

Behind us, at the highest point where we had paused, was a house built of bamboo. The door flap was raised, so that all the stark poverty within was revealed. There was a slung hammock, and something that might have been a cookstove squatted in a corner. Besides a soap-box seat and a rickety table, nothing else was visible except inquisitive hens, pecking about the dirt floor.

While we were looking, the owner—we guessed her to be a widow—returned up the rocky path. She bore on her head a brown jug of water and looked like a figure emerging from the Old Testament. "God knows how far down she had to go to get that water," Barker said as the woman passed us, the lace flounce of her purple skirt just missing the mud puddle before her door.

"How in hell do these women keep their hems clean?" Myers wondered.

Barker laughed. "It's a gift. But you should see the bottoms of their feet at night."

"Don't they wash?"

Barker looked surprised and almost pained. "Don't you know that the Tehuanas are noted for personal cleanliness? They bathe every day. There." He pointed toward the river. "Women, men, and children, every morning in the river—buck naked. At seven o'clock half the town is in the water. There

may be a few stragglers left. Do you want to go? It's two miles from here to the river."

But we didn't get to the river. We had really had plenty of noonday sun. "You should have worn a hat," I said to Myers, who was looking a bit dazed as he wiped the perspiration off his sun glasses. He had been muy hombre and gone barcheaded like the acclimated Barker. "You're not this rugged in Memphis in July."

On the way home Barker discovered that Myers was a Mason, and he was determined that his lodge brother should see the local hall. So he got the big key and dragged Myers off to the lodge.

I started to write some letters. But the curve of the hammock beguiled me like the serpent in Eden, and I fell. Close by, the night bird was asleep, squatting on the tile under a grinning idol. His chopstick legs, jackknifed at the knees in repose, reared above his head on either side like skis upended. When I dropped into the hammock, Tony opened one eye and gave a weird little whimper. "Go back to sleep, old chap," I said. "I shan't disturb you." The bird shivered his skis and settled down between them back to sleep.

Myers came back looking fagged, but he ate dinner. The boiled lobsters were delicious, with more the flavor of the delicate Swedish crayfish than of the regular Maine crustacean. Barker used an old tomahawk head to crack the shells on the ledge of the balustrade. After we had made a meal of lobster, came the fried chicken, potatoes, rice, eggplant, and tomatoes, followed by fresh pineapple, mangoes, and more watermelon for dessert. The only truly Mexican dish was the stack of totopos, those dry waferlike tortillas which are cooked slowly in a deep hole in the ground. Totopos are round and flat like tortillas, but twice their diameter and too large to be hand-clapped into shape. In taste, they are inimitable and I think unsurpassed by any bread in Mexico.

Across the patio I saw the sixteen-year-old son William swat a fly in the kitchen. "Why don't we have your son come eat with us?" I suggested.

"Oh, as I told you, he'd rather eat in the kitchen with his mother—and he doesn't speak English, though he's begun to study it this summer."

* * *

With an Indian wife and five mestizo children, and with forty years in Mexico, speaking Spanish or Zapotec most of his days, Barker was incorruptibly American. He had enjoyed the seductive leisurely living of Mexico, but he had resisted becoming Mexican. He was among them and yet apart. He was most courteous and diplomatic, and he would give the abrazo to any Mexican with professional gusto. But he was still as American as if he had never ventured farther than ten miles from his birthplace on the Ohio River.

Barker had arrived in the days of the refulgent Porfirio Diaz, and had lived through the succeeding revolutions unseathed. "I have been in only one tight place in the revolutionary years," he said, "and that was when a train I was on was stopped by a band of revolutionaries bent on plunder and killing. I had the presence of mind to save my neck by presenting as passport extraordinary a Singer sewing machine invoice, thick with official customs stamps."

When we left the table gorged like boa constrictors, even Myers was not averse to a siesta to sleep it off. He was looking so pale about the gills that I felt sure he had suffered a mild sunstroke for his bravado in defying the law of the tropics that says a stranger must wear a hat in the sun. We waited until the sun was down and then strolled to the plaza

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BRICK-MAKERS. Oil.

By Stefan Hirsch.

Aspects of Mexico's Economy

By Manuel A. Hernández

THE people in the United States obtain their information of Latin American countries from two main sources: from the books written by Americans and from the news sent to newspapers and magazines by American newspapermen who act as resident correspondents or travel on special missions through one or several of the Latin American countries.

But no matter how well American writers or newspapermen perform their task of informing American readers of economic conditions of Latin American countries, they naturally, express their own American point of view. The real facts about the situation in Latin America are not easily obtainable. Naturally Latin Americans prefer to have good things said about their countries and, therefore, do not express their views freely as they do for local consumption.

There are also other difficulties. One is that as economics is such a dry subject that only few are versed in it. What is more, up-to-date statistical information is not generally available for those countries. And a further hindrance arises from the fact that mixed with the information given to the public there is frequently propaganda in favor of the administration that happens to be in power. Latin Americans themselves who devote their time to economic and social research have to be under constant guard not to take inferences for facts.

However, in Mexico and other Latin American countries there is liberty of the press, and there are now a few publications that contain worthwhile data and publish the opinions of outstanding Latin American writers and economists, impartially expressed. Much of what I write has appeared at one time or another in my articles, published in the magazine "El Economista."

The explanation that a Mexican gives why the economic development of Mexico has been slower than that of the United States might be of interest to Americans. I myself have asked Americans what is, in their opinion, the outstanding reason for the economic progress of their country. The various answers I have received show no uniform opinion.

Undoubtedly economic progress is due to a multitude of factors. Some Americans have told me that, in their opinion, the main reason is the low percentage of illiteracy, the high standard of education in the United States. But I have pointed out that a high standard of education cannot be the dominant factor because there have been many European countries with a lower percentage of illiteracy than that of the United States which have not progressed as rapidly economically.

Other Americans have pointed out that the large natural resources of the United States as the main reason for its economic development; but when I have mentioned that Russia has natural resources that are comparable, if not greater than those of the United States, and yet it has not progressed at the same rate, they have agreed that the abundance of natural resources cannot be the outstanding factor in the greater economic progress of their country.

Another favorite explanation is to attribute the rapid economic development of the United States to free enterprise, which permits the citizens of the United States to perform their tasks and make their decisions as free individuals, producing and exchanging goods and services without significant hindrance from the law. There is no question that this has been a very important factor, but there have been countries

such as England and Switzerland where free enterprise has also prevailed and yet their progress has not been commensurate with that of the United States.

Many other factors have been mentioned also, such as the abundant energy of Americans, the favorable sequence of governments free from corruption and managed by efficient public officials; and in the book "Climate and Civilization," by E. Huntington, the greater progress of some nations over others is explained by the influence of climate over population.

* * *

All these are important, no doubt, but in my opinion, the United States has progressed faster because the average productivity per man-hour of its citizens has increased more rapidly than in any other country of the world. Productivity, in turn, depends on the volume of capital invested, on technological improvements and the kind of methods used in the production and distribution of wealth, as well as on the willingness and ability of the working population to perform its tasks.

I have pointed out on several occasions that in 1800 the population of Mexico and the United States were about the same (approximately 6,000,000 inhabitants) and that the territory of Mexico was then twice as large as that of the United States. Why—I asked—has the United States, in less than 150 years, become the world's greatest power and the standard of living of its inhabitants raised to higher levels than those of any other people and Mexico has progressed less rapidly?

From 1810 to 1821 Mexico went through a destructive war to gain its independence; then from 1821 to 1876, a period of 55 years, Mexico had 58 changes of government, most of them brought about by revolution. Hence it was impossible for Mexico to progress rapidly during those years of strife and uncertainty. In 1876 General Porfirio Diaz took the reins of the government, and the economic development of Mexico really began. But beginning in November, 1910 another series of revolutions and civil wars has hampered our progress. In recent years the hindrance has come from efforts to promote the welfare of the Mexican people by methods which have forfeited the confidence of local and foreign investors, thus preventing a rapid increase in the volume of capital necessary to raise the productivity of the working population.

Moreover, from 1917 class ideology has induced

the fomenting of class struggle methods with the result that labor-management relations have been strained for years. Labor unions in Mexico have repeatedly obtained increases but as wages are part of the cost, if productivity is not increased, the rise in wages is passed along to consumers, and workers as a whole have their real wages reduced by having to pay higher prices.

Economic progress has been greater in the United States than in Mexico because the productivity per man-hour has been more rapid in the former than in the latter country. In other words, our slow economic development has been due to insufficient accumulation of capital, insufficient foreign investments, insufficient technological improvements applied to the production processes, and lack of cooperation with management to produce.

* * *

Americans are familiar with the increase in the cost of living, but their experience is limited to a comparatively moderate rise in prices. In many Latin American countries prices have risen to high levels, especially since 1940, creating a peculiar situation. A disparity of the purchasing power of the local currencies in Latin American countries for purchases within those countries, as compared to the purchasing power of the local currency turned into dollars for purchases in the United States. The reason for this phenomenon is that as the exchange rates have been pegged at a certain figure and the general level of prices has risen in those countries more than in the United States the purchasing power of the local monetary units is lower than the purchasing power of those same monetary units when they are converted into dollars. This induced a larger importation of goods from the United States into Mexico, increasing the unfavorable balance of trade.

Since the International Monetary Fund began its operations and exchange rates of the member countries were fixed at a certain par value, the problem has been how to establish the internal price levels.

There is no doubt that the disparity in the purchasing value of our peso in Mexico and in the United States contributed to increased importation of American goods into Mexico, obliging the Mexican Government to take its measures of prohibiting the importation of certain goods and of increasing the tariff on others in order that the reserve of dollars held by the Bank of Mexico should not be wiped out.

Heavenly Primer

By Lee Richard Hayman

HE reads great stories in the sky,

Each star inscribes a dazzling word:

The sun and moon are poems high

Above the essay of a bird.



Oil.

By Margarita C. de Welmann.

The Badger

By Dane Chandos

AT the door of my room Silvanito was waiting for me, standing stock still. He was holding something in his arms, and as I came into the light, I saw it was a tiny gray-furred animal.

"It's very young," he said. "It must have got lost, and I found it and brought it to you just as you said."

He put it on the ground, and it took one or two steps and then checked, one forepaw held aloft. Tippet came sniffing.

"But that's not a *tlacuache*," I said, for after all it was a baby opossum I had asked for.

"Oh no," said Silvanito. "That's a badger. I didn't find a *tlacuache*."

Just then Tippet rolled over on her back and turned melting, maternal eyes on the baby badger. It understood perfectly and immediately nuzzled. There was nothing wrong except that Tippet had no milk. Silvanito pointed this out at once.

"Wouldn't it be good if a fetched some?" He asked.

When he brought it in a saucer, I dipped my finger and coaxed the badger to drink. It took about half the saucerful, then suddenly did a little dance, prancing on its hind legs, and finally tucked itself into a corner between a chair and the wall, curled up and went to sleep. Tippet walked across and curled herself round, and partly on, the little animal and went to sleep too. By this time the moment to say I didn't want a badger had passed.

"You see," said Silvanito, "how easily he tames himself. Should I water the young orange trees in the morning?"

"But you should have done that today."

Silvanito looked at me for a long moment, with the look of a person suddenly called upon to explain some obvious process, such as logic, to somebody who

has never heard of it. Then he said, "Yes, I know it, but all this morning I was finding the badger."

On the whole Silvanito works well in the huerta. He has learned about the care of fruit trees, and the yield has improved since he came to work for me. His most valuable achievement has been the virtual extermination of the red-ant population, which in the past I have known to strip a tree of its foliage in a single night. I have seen him in the warmest weather when the ants work after dark, creeping about the huerta in the middle of the night, my second-best flashlight in one hand and a small can of cyanide in the other, trailing the streams of insects along the secret paths among the grasses through which they carry their ill-gotten loot home to the nest. One day he showed me with pride no less than six holes packed tight with ant corpses. I congratulated him.

"Oh yes, señor, this little powder of poison has much force," he said with relish, since at once they abandon the struggle."

But with strawberries he wasn't a success. It is that wireworms got some of them, even when succulent lettuces were sown between each plant to tempt the worms away. But the crop was always suspiciously small, and after two seasons, in spite of tearful protests, I made him dig them up and plant vegetables in their place. With these he has done wonders, and we now have sufficient to keep the whole household supplied. This year he was making a special effort with some tomatoes given me by Cayetano. The latter had rented a field somewhere and had borrowed a corner of the huerta to raise his seedlings. He had hired a peon, put all the best available soil into his beds, and had built an astonishing scarecrow out of a log and a torn paper sack that had contained cement. His seeds had sprouted lavishly, and as, of course, in any case he had oversown, he had many more seedlings than he could use, and there remained enough for Silvanito to plant several rows.

Venustiano, who gets on very well with Silvinito, came to see me as he often does—whether to discuss gardening matters, local lore, or the works of Karl Marx, which he read during one winter's illness propped up in bed, a scratched pair of antique spectacles perched over his wise old eyes.

He approved of the tomatoes, but he looked at my green vegetables and said, "Seed and work thrown to lose. They'll rot. The cabbage and lettuce will perish in their hearts. I never try to grow anything but root vegetables in the season of the waters. But your chicks will like them. I was reading in the paper the other day that in a country called—Russia would it be?—they have a plan that will make anything grow. But the writer seemed to think that everything would take five years."

ON Bernabé came to see me about some repairs to the chicken house, whose floors had been flooded one night. He is the oldest master mason in Ajijie, a little white-haired man who always carries a blood-red sarape. He has very graceful manners and likes to use dollar words, adding an extra syllable, to any that he considers unnecessarily short.

"I much regret, señor," he said, with a wide sweep of his sombrero, "but I shall be unable to attend to your work of construction at once. It is because of that Lupe, she of the fierce duck."

It appeared that Lupe, who was a woman of property and who was guarded by a large and ferocious goose, was terrified of storms. Many a time she had heard the lightnings hiss as they struck the conductor on the church tower, round whose top they played in the most alarming manner. Her house was four blocks from the church, but the priest had told her that he did not think it was strong enough to stand, should it be struck.

"We have both revised the house, my son and I, and have told Lupe that we opine that it is sound and of the most solid. But she is not content and we have contracted to build a pillar of brick in the center of the room to reinsure the roof. My son, Merced is to do that, since I am most occupied with the house of Don César."

"What's wrong with that?" I asked, for César is rich and had built an ambitious house with city labor.

"As you know, señor, it is a fine house, with arches and mosaics on the floors. But the architect, a very capacitated man, omitted to put in foundations and the house is sinking, and I am encharged with the reparation. Therefore, you see, that for promptly we are unable to accept your honorable contract."

So that was that, and I should get nothing done until Don César's foundering mansion and Lupe's pillar were arranged. And I wondered when that would be when I heard the next day that Merced had spent a great deal of money on pulque and was now on a bat.

"He is running round the village with his shirt hanging out and without his sarape," said Aurora. "And the little badger has got up the stairs and now he doesn't know how to come down."

I found the badger halfway up the steps to the roof terrace, trying to nerve himself to descend, and just as I arrived he launched himself, rolled in a ball down several steps, checked, tottered, and fell the rest of the way. But he hadn't hurt himself. He was growing fast and spent all day romping with Tippet and then suddenly falling asleep in the most unlikely places. Candelaria shook her head and said it would all end badly when the badger was big enough to find his way to the chicken run.

"Nothing of that," said Lola, lumbering along with her broom dragging behind her. "What we do is always give him much food, very much and very easy to get, and then he won't think about chickens."

That was what we did, and in no time the badger grew noticeably plumper. When he curled up, Tippet would curl up beside him, and through his thick fur the badger's bright little black eyes twinkled at the badger hound's great placid brown ones.

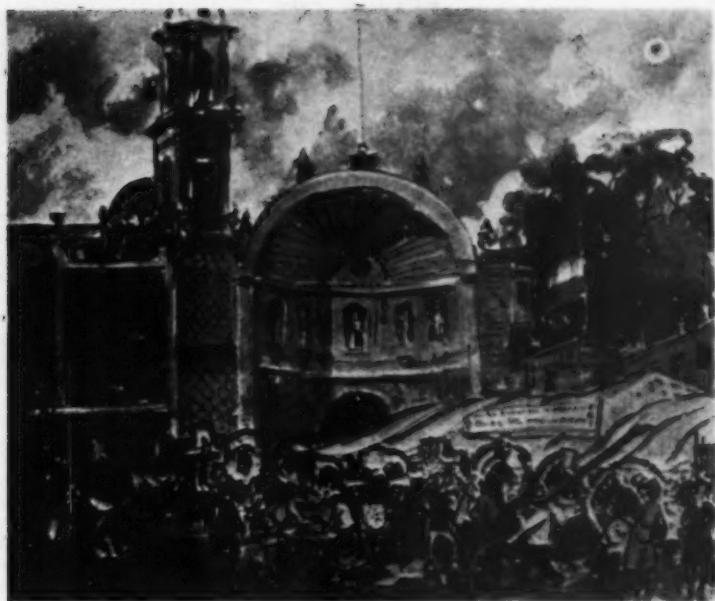
"Yes," said Venustiano, "I remember you told me those sausage dogs are meant to hunt badgers, and there they are in a wreath together, as peaceful as two old widowers in the sun. But who knows?"

Meanwhile, I was diverted from the badger by a family of rabbits that had established itself in a corner of the huerta, dangerously near the vegetable beds; by a squirrel that was after the chickens' food and made sudden sallies into the chicken run, terrifying the more nervous hens; and by a sudden rise in the price of maize. Eggs, which had sold for six or eight centavos when I first came to Ajijie, had remained steady at around twenty centavos for more than two years, but maize, which together with beans is the mainstay of an Indian's diet, had continued to rise in price. Now, nearing the end of the rains and the new crops still unharvested, last year's stores were running low, and those who still had supplies were cashing in.

"What a barbarity, señor," cried Candelaria. "Now I shall have to feed my hens on pure little scraps of rubbish."

For me it presented a graver problem. Following the lead of corn, meat went up, then fish. I was already charging twenty pesos a day for room and board, and I was only just making ends meet. The dietetic problems of my guests kept me busy enough as it was, without this added complication.

"The tapioca of the Señor Professor," said Candelaria, "has put itself very dear. Why don't we give him rice? And d'you know, señor, that that Don Amilcar has gone home and without a word of thanks. After living in our huerta for more than a month he's gone back to his house, and now he's a butcher again. Imagine, señor, the ingratitude, for I heard that he had killed, but I did not give myself haste to go, because of the jam of quinees that was cooking, and because I was sure he would save for us the best. But he had not, even after living here for much time, and I myself told the soldiers I hadn't seen him though they had not asked if he were here, and we should have had nothing but one steak and some bones and a kilo of soup meat had not Doña Florencia passed me her brains."



Water Color.

By Charles X. Carlson.

Churriguera

By Trent Elwood Sanford

THE SPANIARD, always independent in spirit, even though constantly subjected to foreign influences, could not long happily accept cut and dried architectural prescriptions with stereotyped standards. Even Italy, mother of the Renaissance, grew tired of the rules and regulations set down by such pompous purists as Palladio and Vignola, based on the teaching of the Roman Vitruvius, and revolted against the monotony and stale formality into which its child had goose-stepped. The result of this revolt was the Baroque. Architecture again became human and spontaneous and free. In fact, one might almost say it went wild. Once freed from the shackles of regimentation, its exuberance knew no bounds.

This was especially true in Spain. The High Renaissance that produced Charles V's palace at Granada and Philip II's Escorial belonged to Charles V and Philip II, and to Juan de Herrera, the Spanish Palladio, but never to the Spanish people. The rugged Romanesque had appealed to their awakening artistic senses; the glorious Gothic, once mastered, had appealed to their joyful imaginations; and when the subtle Plateresque, descending gently upon them with innocent caresses, began to be welcomed throughout the country, they were beginning to feel their own way in the architectural world.

But Philip's solemn and morbid interpretation of religion, as hard and unrelenting as the granite with which he built, was not theirs; and such a depressing and gloomy mass as the Escorial definitely dampened their spirits. So once their pent-up spirits had a chance to cut loose, their imagination, unrestrained, as if to make up for wasted years, bubbled over in a riot of ornament. Their copious tears of joy over freedom regained froze into thousands of fanciful forms from Granada to Chihuahua.

The architecture that expressed this exuberance was still essentially religious architecture—the joyous, emotional side of faith. There had been enough for a while of the solemn side. If the severe Escorial can be said to be a solemn protest against the Reformation, the Baroque reaction which followed may be considered a joyous celebration of the successful resistance to the Reformation. Where architecture had just previously shown stern determination, it now displayed a spirit of exultation.

Whatever criticism we may have of the liberties it took with recognized principles, which, under the classicists, had become so formalized as to be deadly, the Baroque, unlike the work of the previous period, was no copybook architecture. Vitruvius and Vignola would probably have turned over in their graves could they have seen the liberties taken with their Classical orders—twisted columns, broken pediments, inverted pyramids, wavy scrolls, and flying figurines—but behind all of this there were new and daring features in plan and in construction as well; and a true appreciation of light and shade, temporarily lost in the depressing Herreran haze, again became manifest. The sun had burst forth through the gloom. More than ever before, architecture showed individualism. There was, as of old, the same undercurrent of free use of ornament, and each master used his own imagination in expressing it.

It is a mistake, however, to look upon the Baroque as an immediate jump into a riot of wriggling ornament. A riot it grew to be, though even in its most licentious outbursts it maintained symmetry. It was only in the later highly developed state of the so-called "Churrigueresque" that the unrestrained riot is to be found. Architectural critics are prone to speak of Baroque and Churrigueresque in Spain and its colonies as if they were synonymous, as if what

Baroque in Italy, France, and Germany were Churrigueresque in Spain. Actually, there is a distinction. To be sure, the Baroque in Spain helped along by the exuberance of the Spanish spirit and the bulging coffers of a country richer than ever before, developed into a style, rather accidentally named for one of Spain's architects, which was (especially in Mexico) much more replete with profuse ornament than was true in the other European countries; but the Baroque (even the Spanish) did not, as it often supposed, immediately take architecture, in a single step, from abstemiousness to delirium.

Philip II had died in 1598, Herrera the year before, and with their joint artistic dictatorship at an end it was not long before the reaction set in. But the first work, after the joyful parole from the Herreran, was a fairly restrained development of the Plateresque, which had been nipped almost in the bud. In many of the larger cities interiors of Gothic and Mudéjar churches were redecorated in imitation of the newer style found in the churches of the Italian seaboard. Again the influence in architecture of the Italians was felt. Their repudiation of formal rules was welcomed in Spain, equally or even more "fed up" and glad to follow the leader. With such impetus, the Spaniards were soon able to move under their own power, and as they gradually gathered momentum they rolled on to extremes far beyond the imagination of the primary teacher.

* * *

The name Churrigueresque is always a tongue-twister for everybody. It would have been much easier had Churriguera's name been Smith; but tongue-twister that it may be (and unfair to him as it may be), his name seems to fit the style perfectly. One can almost see a Churrigueresque facade or "retablo" by simply mentioning the name by which the style has become known.

José de Churriguera was born in Madrid in 1665 of a family of artists and artisans. His father was a maker of altarpieces and his four brothers all became architects of note, as did, also, several of his children. José himself was painter and sculptor as well as architect. When he was only twenty-four he won the prize in a competition for a catáfalque for the Spanish Queen Maria Luisa, first wife of Charles II. The acclaim with which his design for the monstrous object was received determined his career and he continued his studies in painting and in architecture in Madrid.

At the age of thirty he moved to Salamanca, where he became "Maestro Mayor" of the cathedral. Before long, his family and pupils, who had followed him there, had transformed Salamanca into a Churrigueresque city. The work there, with a strong accent on horizontal lines and richly decorated, still shows considerable restraint, qualities typical of the early members of that family and group, and especially of their leader, the "great" José.

The family often worked in collaboration. One instance is recorded where Joaquín, one of the brothers, was given the commission, José did the work, and brother Alberto was paid for it. José was definitely looked upon as the leader, however, and the brothers turned to him for help when in difficulty with either their designs or their clients. In addition to designing numerous palaces and churches in Madrid and other cities, José was kept busy supervising the work of both his brothers and his pupils.

José's first wife died when he was still in his thirties, leaving him six little future architects to educate, but within six months he had married again. By his second wife he had three more children. The

period of that second marriage was a particularly busy one, in which he achieved national fame, and on his death in 1725 he was hailed in a Madrid publication as the Spanish Michelangelo, a judgment which was not shared years later, especially during the Victorian era, when, of all times, he was characterized as "the heresiarch of bad taste."

The notoriety and sobriquets heaped upon the memory of Churriguera are almost as unfortunate and unfair as those which attend the name of poor old Dr. Guillotin. Actually, although original and sometimes with startling ideas, his work shows an intelligent reserve. It was his descendants and later followers who are really responsible for the excesses that have made the name anathema. Thus, José de Churriguera rather innocently and paradoxically became the founder of a school of which he was not a protagonist.

That work which has become known as Churrigueresque—and as was so often the case, it was an adjective used as a term of reproach toward the wild extravagances of the style—was really an offshoot of the Baroque, an outcome of it which was peculiarly Spanish, and in that, of course, I include Spanish colonies, where it reached its height. They shall be spoken of here as two separate styles, though it must be borne in mind that they are related; the Baroque the parent and the Churrigueresque the child—the prodigal son, if you will.

The interruption of straight lines is characteristic of both; so are broken pediments and entablatures. The twisted columns, known as "salomónicas" because of the column in St. Peter's supposed to have come from the Temple of Solomon, are found in both styles, often decorated with foliage. But whereas, in the Baroque, though the column is twisted or storied or even decorated, it is still a column; in the Churrigueresque the column is apt to be so infinitesimally broken up into a variety of geometrical forms, with inverted pyramids especially conspicuous, so covered with scrolls and so replete with decoration, or so interrupted by statues or decorated panels, that its form is scarcely distinguishable. In the former the pediment may be broken, but the lines of its moldings are still discernible; in the latter they are apt to be lost behind pots of flowers or festoons of fruit.

As in the case of the Plateresque, the ornament on the exterior of a building was concentrated at the entrance; and with the advent of the new style, not only was the ornament more lavish than before, but the portal was made larger to permit a greater quantity of the lavish ornament. Many examples of such sumptuous portals are to be found on church facades, palaces, and hospitals throughout Spain (not to mention, yet, Mexico, which outdid the mother country).

Interiors were especially lavish, the most famous example being that of the Cartuja sacristy at Granada, done about the middle of the eighteenth century, fairly bursting with scroll-covered pilasters; and serving as an inspiration for many similar interiors across the sea.

The influence of Churriguera lasted for some years after his death; yet even during his lifetime the style had been taken to extremes by his disciples, and when he was no longer there to hold out a restraining hand, the extravagances of the Churrigueresque creations left nothing to the imagination, and the portals of otherwise simple buildings assumed the proportions and character of triumphal arches.

The end in Spain was, as usual, not of her own making. Left to her own devices, there is no telling what heights the style might have reached. But the "good neighbor" to the north, always ready to interrupt with new fashions in architecture, was usually

Continued on page 46



DEER DANCE. Etching.

By Magdalena Cano Madrid.

Deer Dance

By Peggy Butler

THE dusty adobes of Esperanza in the State of Sonora sprawl on an historic arid prairie, surrounded by the newly-watered, fertile farms of the Yaqui River Valley Collective Farm.

It is night. The town is black and lathered down. Miles away, the continual flash of an approaching storm illuminates the jagged Sierras. But one spot in an obscure lane is alive with fireworks, electric bulbs and flickering oil lamps. This is the "enramada" where the Yaquis are dancing their fantastic Deer Dance, unique in the world.

The Yanqui Deer Dances are one of Mexico's natural phenomenon and are the only dances which are surely pre-Hispanic. All others, no matter how lost in antiquity, have been distorted by incrustations brought from Catholic Spain by Hernan Cortez in 1621. The dances, with their accompanying Pascolas, are danced only in Yaqui territories, generally during Holy Week. But tonight, the dancers and the musicians, who rent themselves out for Saints' Days for 4 pesos (46 cents) a dance, are celebrating the fiesta of San Francisco. They dance all day and all night, in three shifts, or three days.

Esperanza's San Francisco is a gaunt wooden doll, clothed, jeweled, and beribboned. He has been removed from his altar, placed on a table in the enramada, flanked by real and fake flowers in oil cans. His head lies on a crimson rayon cushion. Before each dance the pagan Yaquis pay him homage. Several times during the day and night the chief Pascola carries him gingerly through the crowds to collect centavos and spread blessings.

* * *

The enramada is merely a thatched roof supported by whitewashed, festooned poles, built specifically for this fiesta. The primitive percussion orchestra ranges on one side with their rasps, water gourds, drums, reeds, flutes. The mestizo orchestra ranges opposite, with their homemade violins and wooden harp.

The Deer stands immobile in front of the percussion instruments. His torso is bare; his haunches are wrapped in a woman's skirt. His ankles are decorated with strings of seed pods, filled with pebbles for

synecopation. His antlers flutter with flowers and ribbons. The players chant, very low. "Deer, deer, scratch your spine, take out a white eye."

The Pascolas, who represent coyotes, scrape their bare feet on the hard earth in front of the violins. They shake tin rattles and beads, and the necklaces of seed oods which camouflage their sawnny throats.

Suddenly the Deer shakes his gourds. He leaps. He listens. The drum beats darkly. The flute wails. The violins grate shrilly. The Pascolas start to bait the Deer. The Deer Dance, indigenous to Sonora as the ceiba tree, yet with characteristics similar to Tibetan ceremonies on the other side of the world, has begun!

The audience is entranced. Yaqui women, with shy yet flirty eyes, squat in the dust and munch multi-colored cakes. They pull their rebozos over their faces, partly from modesty, partly to protect them against the ubiquitous Sonora dust which is responsible for such a high rate of tuberculosis. The Yaqui men, stern and cold of demeanor, stir coffee with reed spoons, roll thick cigarettes. The children sleep where they fall. The mestizos, sophisticated in their permanents, high heels or starched white shirts, and conditioned to juke boxes, cokes and Hollywood movies, quietly watch the fruits of their "slumming." Even today, as they have been for centuries, they are fearful when the ferocious Yaquis ford the River and come to town.

* * *

There are about 10,000 Yaquis in the tribe. They are violently independent, are fed suspicion of invaders from birth, and fight to the death to protect their fertile silt which borders the River. Even ex-President Lazaro Cardenas, who built them a huge irrigation canal, found them frigid. To them, he was just another alien.

The Yaquis live in about seven small towns, squabble among themselves, but unite when the white man cometh. Huamucihl, the nearest village to Cajeme, the headquarters of the collective farms, is typical. It has 70 huts. Its 100 children are illiterate. The huts are walled with the straw mats Mexicans also use as beds. A wooden cross stands in each front yard. Yaquis make a living weaving the mats, selling grain. They eat goat meat and milk, grain, wild herbs, fruits, coffee and of course tortillas, the Mexican national bread. They drink from the muddy, churning River; distill their liquor from a cactus that

grows on the Sierras; and also enjoy aguardiente, a firewater that corresponds to raw alcohol.

The huts are built around the plaza, where all action—burials, fiestas, parades—take place. A three-room hut, the church, stands at one end. Hundreds of crosses, some large, some small for the children, nestle under it atop the grave mounds. Yaquis are buried without coffins. They are laid in the sun before burial, sometimes for months. The graves are sprinkled with tats.

The Yaquis are tall, thin, strong as resilient steel. They have finely-molded features. Their eyes are bright black and narrowed by weather. The women have gleaming long hair, wear ruffled cotton skirts and blouses reminiscent of our Navajos. They are generally barefoot.

Yaquis have no idea what a Yankee tourist is. They are indifferent to researchers, photographers, officials. This is unique among Mexican Indians, even pure-blooded, tribal Indians. The Tehuanas of the Isthmus, the Chamulas of Chiapas, though they proudly follow their own customs and rules, are completely aware of documentary films, anthropologists, and commercial pirates. They know how much to ask for posing. Put the Yaquis, likewise cradled in the deep past, still live apart from any current infiltration.

* * *

When the storm that flooded the collective farms struck that night, the Yaquis kept on dancing. This flood was the worst in ten years. It immersed 1,000 houses. It hamstrung the airfield for a week. It destroyed roads and crops. It clogged and rusted the Detroit trucks that this rich, ejidal land imports in quantity.

The farmers escaped to their roofs. The Cajemeos fled to the big warehouse, tied their hogs outside, and with the hills of wheat sliding into their faces, went to sleep on burlap bags. The fourteen doctors of the collective farms were kept busy for three days. Still the Deer leaped.

A flood, an earthquake, a revolution! What do they mean to this tribe, who, throughout the march of time and civilizations in Mexico, have maintained their identity, ferocious and incorruptible? The Deer dance is a symbol of a way of life straight from the heart of darkness, and the Deer, come hell or high water, will continue to shake his beflowered antlers to the percussion music of the rasp and the water-gourd until his dance attains its traditional completion.

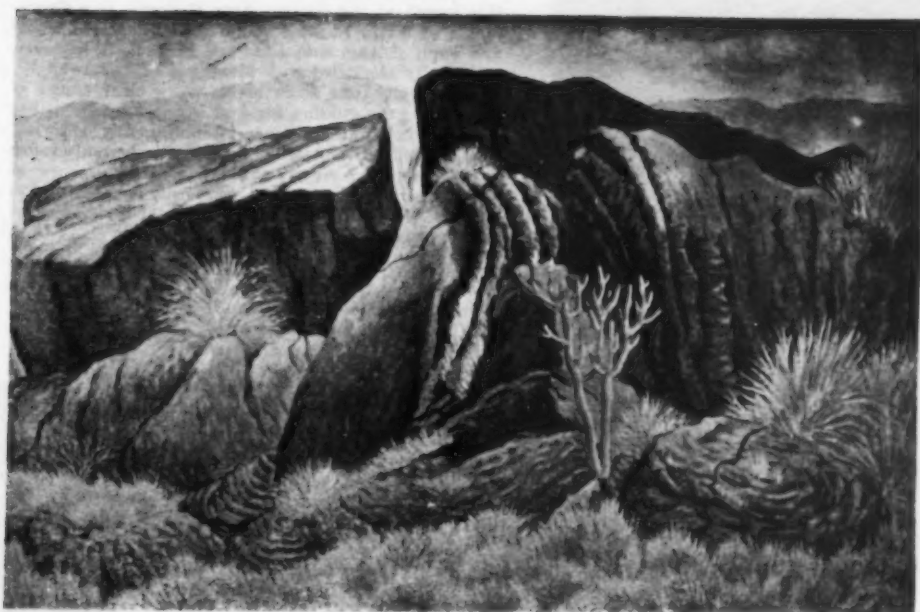
Ruined Fountain

By Yetza Gillespie

WHERE is the shimmering fountain gone
That pulsed and leaped in the urn of stone
Under the young beseeching moon?

Where is the bird that cooled its throat
With liquid silver to tilt and flute
A star of love into the night?

Water and bird have vanished softer
Than flower-dust of forgotten laughter.
It is moon and stone that linger after.



"El Pedregal". Oil.

By Carlos R. López.

Among our Younger Artists

By Guillermo Rivas

COMMENTING in this space some time ago on the art of our younger painters, I observed that while in outward aspects it often preserves the peculiar characteristics which were evolved by the mural masters of the "revolutionary school," in its thematic substance it lacks the implicit social significance which gave this school its veritable vitality and dramatic puissance.

Reflecting further on this observation, it is undeniable, however, that social significance inherently exists in all valid art, for the reason that such art springs from and reflects current life. Thus, while the thematic content defined in the work of our younger painters is widely different from that of the revolutionary generation, it accurately expresses the social substance of current reality. The art which was generated by the Mexican Revolution was militant: it was forged on the battlefield and it voiced its creed and ideals. It was an art of social protest. Today, and for at least twenty years, the Revolution has assumed the course of peaceful, orderly and constructive transformation; and as such it is faithfully reflected in our art.

The work of the more outstanding among our younger painters is essentially peaceful, orderly and constructive. It remains true to life; it does not flee from reality in abstruse inner probing; it does not seek refuge in non-objective phantasmagorias; it does not strive to achieve significance through stridency or by means of recondite or spectacular terms. It is honest, unsophisticated and sincere.

It may lack a cosmopolitan breadth; it may not even be entirely free of mutual imitativeness and bear a defined national stamp; and yet it has an unebbing vitality because it has not been denatured or diluted by alien influence; because it yet articulates the life from which it springs.

In its peaceful and orderly transition Mexican art has rediscovered the landscape and the portrait, which had been almost totally discarded during the earlier phases of the revolutionary era, and has imbued them with a new force and beauty. What our younger painters produce today is a realism which surpasses mere representation because it is relieved by an underlying lyrical note.

* * *

I have chosen for reproduction in these pages the work of two young artists—José Reyes Meza and Carlos R. López—because it aptly illustrates the prevalent trend. Both are unmistakably products of the modern Mexican tradition, yet their work is distinctly unlike, and each in his own way following this trend achieves an individual expression.

Reyes Meza's paintings have a peculiar charm. Employing a subdued palette, he attains in most of his work a highly delicate tonal quality, a projection through a silvery sheen, which lends his figures and objects a matinal freshness. A whimsical touch, such as that of the squirrel in the hand of the little girl, or of the rooster crowing on the knee of the wounded warrior, often enlivens his compositions.



"The Bride." Oil.

By Jose Reyes Manz.

Carlos R. Lopez, whose paintings are being shown this month at the Galeria Arte Moderno, is a Guatemalan by birth. Student at the local Esmeralda school and pupil of Anguiano, Lazo and Peña, he is, however, artistically identified with Mexico.

Naturally, one finds in his work clear traces of influences: the guiding hand of his able teachers; but on the whole the influence is intelligently absorbed and applied. The striving for independent utterance is probably more clearly evident in his landscapes, in such imaginatively stylized compositions as "El Pedregal." Here the abundant promise of his effort closely approaches the margins of fulfillment.



"Girl with Squirrel." Oil.

By Jose Reyes Manz.



"Esmeralda No. II." Oil.

By Carlos R. Lopez.

Un Poco de Todo

"Ballerinas." Oil.

By Jose Reyes Mesa.



"Head of a Girl." Oil.

By Carlos R. Lopez.

"Wounded Nahual." Oil.

By Jose Reyes Mesa.





"The Window," Oil.

By Carlos R. Lopez.

"Boy with Bird-Cage," Oil.

By Carlos R. Lopez.



"Railway at Contreras," Oil.

By Carlos R. Lopez.



Un Poco de Todo

HURDLES FOR THE U. S. E.

THE July issue of "Foreign Affairs" contains two articles of special interest at this time because they illuminate the difficulties that must be met before the Schuman Plan or the European army, not to speak of a United States of Europe, can become realities. The authors, who speak for larger segments of their people than their parties, are Carlo Schmid, a German Socialist leader, and Jacques Soustelle, who presents the Gaullist point of view in France.

Though written from opposite political poles, both articles agree in paying lip service to the principle of European federation, which is proof of the power of the European idea. But they also agree in condemning the Schuman Plan and the European army, though for opposite reasons. And they offer solutions which, besides being unrealistic, can be interpreted only as bids for either a German or a French hegemony over Europe.

Herr Schmid holds that only a completely sovereign and united Germany, freed of all restraints and able to develop all its economic and other potentialities, can enter into a European federation, which must be based on "confidence" rather than "discriminatory" and "unequal" agreements. But that is the kind of Germany which, all other European nations fear, would either dominate or wreck a European federation—for which reason they will have none of it.

M. Soustelle, on the other hand, feels that following American and British rejection of German dismemberment there is only one feasible basis for a European "confederation," to be created without further Anglo-American "intervention" or attempts to "arbitrate" between them, and that is a "direct" and "all-inclusive" agreement between west Germany and France "in her full status as the French Union" of 100,000,000 people, "with all the consequences which that implies, economic and political." In other words, M. Soustelle would give France a free hand to impose her own terms on Germany, and therewith on a European "confederation."

Considering the difficulties which attended the creation of the United States of America, there is no reason here to feel superior to these outcroppings of nationalistic ambitions in Europe. But Europeans who are still steeped in the traditions of the centralized state might do well to study the American federal system and its history. They could learn how the original colonies overcame their rivalries, then sharpened by time distances as great as the oceans today; how they assured stable government without tyranny by a separation of executive, legislative and judicial powers; and how, above all they preserved a balance between federal and state powers, and thereby the autonomy and self-government of the individual states, through the system of delegated and retained powers, through equal Senatorial representation for large and small states, and through the device of the electoral college. No American state can dominate any other state in the Union or the Union itself. If Europeans could work out a similar system many of their present fears would disappear.

PUERTO RICO'S FOURTH

The citizens of Puerto Rico had special reason to celebrate this year's Fourth of July and they did so.

In San Juan Governor Muñoz Marín reviewed a parade in honor of President Truman's signature of the Congressional act giving the island the political status of a commonwealth. By the Constitution which thus goes into effect Puerto Rico emerges from its colonial status and becomes an equal member of the American Union.

We need not argue as to the difference between a commonwealth and an American state. Puerto Ricans actually translate the word commonwealth into the Spanish equivalent of "associated free state." But they also explain that this phrase does not mean precisely what the word "state" means in English. At any rate, the Puerto Ricans are now free to go ahead and work out their own destiny within the limits of the Federal Constitutions.

They arrived at this stage after some trouble in Washington. It looked for a day or so as though they would be saddled with a Congressional stipulation that any amendment to their Constitution would have to be approved by Congress. This condition, which the Senate tried to impose, was removed in conference between the two Houses. If it had been retained, the Puerto Ricans would have felt with some justice that they were still being treated as colonials.

Governor Muñoz Marín made the interesting suggestion that Puerto Rico might modify its relationship with the United States "so that no law of Congress would take effect here unless ratified by the Puerto Rican Legislature." Such a provision would make Puerto Rico even less like a state and more like a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Our own Congress probably wouldn't care for it at the moment. But the important step has already been taken. The citizens of Puerto Rico, who voted more than 4 to 1 for the new Constitution, can now feel that they are no longer political dependents. Every American should wish them well.

Indeed, they need our good wishes, for in spite of vigorous and successful efforts to improve the island's economic status Puerto Rico must still struggle with the problem of limited or underdeveloped resources and an increasing population. But what has been accomplished encourages hope for the future—a future made brighter by the islanders' political control of their own destinies.

MENTAL PRODIGES

Mathematical prodigies and chess players may or may not be endowed with outstanding mental ability. Oscar Verhaeghe, a Belgian, who was classed in 1943 as an adolescent of 17 with the mental age of a 2-year-old baby, was a mathematical wizard. He cubed 689 in six seconds, gave the fourth power of 1,246 in ten seconds and raised 9,999,999 to the fifth power in a minute. On the other hand the great Gauss was a mathematical prodigy at 3.

The performances of mathematical prodigies and chess players would be impossible without exceptional memory. But how the mind stores up facts is still a mystery. It is certain that remembering is a matter of specific skill rather than of general mental ability. As infant prodigies mature they often lose their powers. The reason seems to be a widening of interests.

Literary Appraisals

LAZARO CARDENAS: Mexican Democrat. By William Cameron Townsend. Foreword by Frank Tannenbaum. 379 pp. Ann Arbor: George W. H. Publishing Company.

LAZARO CARDENAS del RIO is Mexico's best-known modern President. In the United States he is remembered above all for his expropriation of the foreign petroleum industry in 1938. In Mexico he is still discussed, pro and anti, in terms as ardent as though he were still President, the most striking national executive since Juárez.

These facts may excuse the seeming belatedness of this work, which appears twelve years and two Presidents after Cárdenas' term of office ended. W. Cameron Townsend is an American student of Indian languages who has lived in Mexico for many years and has known and admired Cárdenas since 1935. In a somewhat campaign-style biography Mr. Townsend describes Cárdenas' small-town boyhood, his youthful experiences in the Revolution when he became a general at 25, his present life, aged 56, as a director of a large reclamation project in his native Michoacán. Mostly of course he is concerned with the Presidential years 1934-40: the carrying out of the long-deferred promise of land distribution, public works, health and educational programs, a policy of special attention to the politically voiceless Indian. Cárdenas was often intransigently Left, and many of his ideas were unsound. But, good and bad, they inaugurated the period in which today's Mexico to a large extent came into being: a nation stabler and more progressive than most of the Latin republics.

This, the author and Professor Tannenbaum of Columbia agree, is due largely to two things: the example Cárdenas set, by withdrawing from active politics when his constitutional term ended, of "the peaceful transmission of the Presidency"; and, second and "more important, . . . his contribution to the sense of dignity and self-respect of the Mexican people."

R. C. L.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF MANUELA. The Love Story of Manuela Sáenz and Simón Bolívar. By Victor W. von Hagen in collaboration with Christine von Hagen. 320 pp. New York and Boston: Duell, Sloan & Pearce and Little, Brown & Co.

THE one man who did more than any other to free South America from Spain—the wiry, almost delicate, beautifully educated aristocrat, Simón Bolívar—was as great a lover as fighter. "He made loves as the Russians operated their military commissary: he lived off the country and one could follow his loves by a map of his campaigns." (They even included, incidentally, a bright young lady from Connecticut.) But, among his countless amours, two stood out singularly: the tender girl-bride from Spain who could not stand transplanting to the rugged New World and died after only eight months of marriage; and, twenty years later, Manuela Sáenz, wife of an English resident of Lima, who became so close to the Liberator that she herself was, for a time, called the Liberator's mistress.

What a woman was La Sáenz! Courageous, generous, mischievous; fearless, tempestuous; unpredictable, loyal; earthy, yet completely feminine even in a hussar's uniform astride her horse; and beautiful, of course, which always helps. As Mr. von Hagen tells

her story she emerges not only as one of the most appealing women South America has ever known but as one of the fascinating mistresses of history. Indeed, one might be tempted to think the author had embroidered on facts to create this dynamic personality were his book not so impressively documented.

On reading of this truly grande passion one is amazed that it has not been recounted before. Here is Mr. von Hagen's explanation: "When Simón Bolívar was metamorphosed into a demigod by the very people who ten years before had execrated him, Manuela Sáenz, it was willed by the historians, had to go to make way for the myth." But thanks to Mr. von Hagen's monumental job of research, begun in earnest five years ago, Manuela has now been brought back to life.

The author's bravura style gives to "The Four Seasons of Manuela" the sweep and color of romantic adventure, but this is biography as biography should be written; scenes are re-created down to the last strand of golden fringe, to the most haunting scent, to the final vagrant word. But every detail of description and, above all, the conversations, have a basis in fact; they have come from letters and documents and diaries and memoirs and then letters and still more letters.

La Sáenz' writings were infused with her enormous vitality. She could be cruel, she knew how to be rude, but she could never for a moment, bless her, be dull. Bolívar's expressions of love to her sound singingly down through the years and, military man that he was, he was a poet at heart who knew the beauty and value of discipline.

Yet even more than to Manuela and her distinguished lover is Mr. von Hagen—author of twenty books on Latin America—indebted to a young Frenchman, Jean Baptiste Boussingault, who had come to Gran Colombia with a group of scientists. This young Boussingault, this "Lolo," was a born reporter. Interested in everything around him, he sent back priceless accounts to his mother and, when he wished to describe something particularly racy, to his brother. He was close to both Bolívar and Manuela and from his correspondence we learn intimate details about La Sáenz which go far toward explaining her fascination.

Mr. von Hagen's biography of this authentic charmer is comprehensively indexed, and there is a helpful chronology. An imposing bibliography gives a brief history of the research involved.

V. L. W.

MIRANDA: WORLD CITIZEN. By Joseph F. Thorning. Introduction by Gelo Plazo Liso. Foreword by Sumner Welles. Illustrated. 316 pp. Gainesville, Fla.: University of Florida Press.

IN June of 1783, when Spain's empire in America appeared more solid than ever, there arrived in Philadelphia a young Venezuelan. His father had come from the Canary Islands, and the young man wore the uniform of an officer of the Spanish Army. His name was Francisco Miranda, and the main theme of his conversations was the independence of Spanish America. He was a guest at Washington's table. He talked with all the important men of the new republic. For a year and a half he observed the process of formation of a free nation, and he sought to explain to the people of Philadelphia, Boston and New York that an alliance with the Spanish empire in America was a pact with the past and that support of the forces of revolu-

was a link with the future rising above the horizon. Those who heard him came to see later how right he had been.

The Rev. Dr. Stiles of Yale has said that the Venezuelan was "a learned man and a flaming Son of Liberty." John Adam wrote: "Miranda knew more of every campaign, siege, battle and skirmish that had occurred in the whole war, than any officer of our army, or any statesman in our councils." Sam Adams, Thomas Paine, Henry Knox discussed with him at length the possibilities of a revolution that, at the moment, seemed to exist only in Miranda's own imagination. And yet, he had a background that merited respect; he had taken part in the capture of New Providence, the capital of the Bahamas, and had a hand in the negotiations between the Spaniards and North Americans leading to the lifting of the siege at Yorktown.

In Miranda's opinion, "Washington personified the chief virtue of America: he was a war hero capable of adapting himself to the works of peace." Among his less sage beliefs: "Harvard College is better adapted to train clergymen than to mold capable and well-informed citizens."

After his stay in the United States, Miranda set out for Europe. The Spanish Government accused him of engaging in smuggling, and voided his passports. But wherever he went he charmed his listeners. In Russia Prince Potemkin was so impressed by the news Miranda gave him of Turkey that he presented him to the Empress Catherine at the court, where he became one of her favorites. With Catheri-

ne's letters and rubles in his pocket, he visited the courts of Scandinavia and Prussia, studying everything, from the prison system to the organization of the army.

Wherever the Venezuelan went he carried away with him the memory of a love affair, fleeting but never frivolous. Some thought him a sage, others a great military figure, others a Don Juan. France appointed him a general in the army of the Revolution, and his name is carved on the Arc de Triomphe. The cold blade of the guillotine came very close to his neck, but his tongue, his connections and his lucky star saved him.

After a twenty-three-year absence Miranda returned to New York and to Washington. He had conversations with Jefferson. He talked with sailors in waterfront taverns. He borrowed money, and with a ship, a printing press, some cloth to make a flag, and even a few arms, he set out to begin the revolution in Venezuela. His crew did not know the ship's destination. On the high seas he told them as much as he wanted them to know, hoisted his flag, printed proclamations, reached Venezuela, where he was defeated and lost everything—except hope and faith.

After this first failure to liberate his country, he returned to London. Simón Bolívar came there, and later he and Miranda returned to Venezuela together, Bolívar to mount the ladder of glory, Miranda again to lose everything, including his liberty. It was Bolívar himself who handed him over to the Spaniards. Miranda died in a dungeon in Cadix after four years of imprisonment.

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G. A.

EL CAMPESINO: Life and Death in Soviet Russia. By Valentine Gonzalez and Julian Gorkin. Translated from the Spanish by Ilya Bares. 218 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HIS eyes are sharp and sparkling. He speaks with fervor and gaiety, sometimes with a cunning smile. Impassioned yet playful, always ready for a joke, he tells me a story in which every word is an image and where there is no border between fact and fiction.

Thus in April, 1937, Ilya Ehrenburg, special correspondent to *Izvestia*, official Soviet Government newspaper, described El Campesino, "The Great Peasant Leader," "the Chapéev of the Spanish Revolution."

It was rumored—and Hemingway describes it in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"—that "Valentin Gonzalez, called El Campesino or The Peasant, had never been a peasant but was an ex-sergeant in the Spanish Foreign Legion who had deserted and fought with Abd el Krim." Hemingway's Robert Jordan thought that this was all right: "You had to have these peasant leaders quickly in this sort of war. *** You couldn't wait for the real Peasant Leader to arrive and he might have too many peasant characteristics when he did. So you had to manufacture one." So, it was said, the Reds did manufacture El Campesino, one of the many Communist myths.

Now Mr. Gonzalez disproves those rumors. He was El Campesino long before the Spanish civil war. "I come from Extremadura," he says, "and Extremadura is one of the most backward provinces of Spain. Next to the great estates and the untitled land, which used to belong to the grandees, live peasants without land and often without bread. *** I was born in a tiny hamlet, to one of the humblest families. My name was Valentin Gonzalez. But I carried it only for the first fifteen years of my life." At 16 he took part in the uprisings against the civil guards, and while his comrades were registered by the police as "El Virulento" and even "El Degollado" ("The

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(Cutthroat'), the young Valentin on his first arrest was nicknamed simply "El Campesino."

Soon El Campesino became the leader of a band of pistoleros or gunmen, "noble bandits," who supposedly were out to rob the rich and help the poor. There is little wonder that in July, 1936, El Campesino, half bandit, half revolutionary, found himself among the Republicans who stormed a Franco fortress.

While it is not true that the name of El Campesino was given to Mr. Gonzalez by Russian agents, it is true that they exploited it in every way possible. Nobody can match the Bolsheviks in the art of playing with the irrational factors in the human mind, particularly in mass psychology. When they saw El Campesino, who at the beginning of the war had sworn not to shave until the day he entered Burgos, Franco's capital, they sensed at once that his thick, black, tightly curled beard might become the hallmark of a "peasant leader."

When it became obvious that the Republicans were not going to enter Burgos, and El Campesino decided to shave off his beard, he was forbidden to do so because "a clean-shaven Campesino would no longer be El Campesino." One of the Russian generals explained to Mr. Gonzalez: "Your beard isn't your personal property. It belongs to the Spanish people, to the Revolution, to the International. You have no right to shave it off. It is a matter of Party discipline."

Unfortunately, Mr. Gonzalez does not dwell on the Spanish Civil War: page 38 shows him already fleeing to Soviet Russia after Franco's victory. He did not intend to stay in Moscow for more than a few months dreaming about going back to Spain to organize the guerrillas. His destiny, however, was to spend ten years in Russia—first to be a Soviet Army general, then a Moscow subway worker, finally a slave camp prisoner.

An anarchist by instinct, a born rebel, El Campesino could not help starting discussions, criticizing social inequality reigning in the Socialist fatherland, voicing his indignation at the system of mutual es-




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pionage. A Spaniard to the core, he insisted on regarding himself as a Spanish, not a Russian Communist, and talked openly about building "on the ruins of Franco's dictatorship a genuinely Spanish communism, independent of Moscow." Branded first as "undisciplined," then as "a secret Trotskyite," he was put to digging the Moscow subway and finally sent to the Vorkuta labor camp.

"During World War II El Campesino once more became a bandit, that is a 'noble bandit' giving to the poor part of what he took from the rich. In the U. S. S. R. he robbed industrial managers, high officials, kolkhoz administrators, and even performed such a feat as grabbing the payroll of a whole N. K. V. D. division. Proudly he says: 'As a bandit, I was a success.' He fled Russia twice; in 1944—to Iran where he was betrayed, caught by the N. K. V. D. agents and driven back to Russia; and in 1948—through Iran to France. He brought a message: 'Six thousand comrades came with me to Russia. When I escaped in 1948, only 1,200 were left. The others perished.'"

El Campesino says of himself: "I am no talker; I am a doer." In reality, he is both. Hemingway who saw him in Spain wrote: "He was a brave, tough man; no braver in the world. But God, how he talked too much. And when he was excited he would say anything no matter what the consequences of his indiscretion."

The book under review was told by the author to Julian Gorkin, and it seems that Mr. Gonzalez, while talking, did not always keep close to facts but here and there wandered into fiction. His narrative sometimes becomes noisy. Besides this, he is not strong in the geography of the U. S. S. R.

In the present reviewer's opinion, however, this book must be taken as it is—with all its exaggerations, mistakes and indubitable brutal sincerity. It shows El Campesino as much—as a wonderful Spanish fighter, rough, willful and stubborn, now sincere, now affected, almost a legendary man from Extremadura who had too much pride and too fierce a belief in human dignity to be a robot in the Communist world.

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Current Attractions

OPERA

By Vane C. Dalton

THE splendid presentation of the opera "Atzimba," by the Mexican composer Ricardo Castro, served as a fitting finale of the eventful season by the Opera Nacional company at the Palacio de Bellas Artes. A large and enthusiastic audience attended its three performances executed by an almost entirely Mexican cast.

In presenting this work the Opera Nacional company tackled an extremely difficult and hazardous project. For following as it did a series of classical favorites performed by chosen foreign talents, "Atzimba" might have turned out a sad anti-climax. "Atzimba," moreover, is not a new work. Initially performed here in 1900, it was revived in 1928 and again in 1935, meeting with rather slight success. Hence in its latest and most successful revival the Opera Nacional has achieved a belated recognition of a work that had been probably unjustly forgotten.

This belated recognition is largely due, however, to the excellence of its performance, for "Atzimba" undeniably has its full measure of shortcomings. On the whole it is rather uneven and is marred by various uninspired and tedious passages. But if we take in consideration the time when it was written and the musical mores it represents, we might find in it an ample measure of merit. The work is an authentic product of its time and period, that is to say, of a time when native influence hardly figured in the efforts of Mexican composers. Thus, despite its Mexican theme in musical substance "Atzimba" is not a Mexican opera. And mainly for this reason, it seems to lack originality.

Nevertheless, it would be more just to class it as a work of plausibly well assimilated eclecticism than of mere imitation. Its lack of Mexican flavour can be explained by the fact that at the time when it was written no one regarded native tunes as possible raw material for good music: it was a time when French or Italian influence thoroughly dominated local musical tastes. Drawing on this influence, at best, Castro blended in his composition suggestions of melodies from songs that were popular here in his time.

My own impression of this opera leads me to the conclusion that Castro was essentially an orchestral rather than vocal composer. I found, in fact, that the most impressive parts of this opera are those of the Intermezzo, of the Concertante in the second act, and the Tarascan March in the third, which is somewhat on the order of the triumphal march in "Aida." All this music, basically lacking in the finer points of originality, shows a well absorbed influence from such varied sources as Tchaikowsky, Massenet or Verdi.

The opera contains a number of quite pleasing though in no way outstanding airs and duets, which are clearly excelled by the orchestral accompaniment. In choral passages, the more successful effects were achieved with female voices, whose volume outranged that of the orchestra; whereas the singing of the male chorus, particularly those of the Tarascan warriors and the basso and barytone soloists, was blurred by the orchestra.

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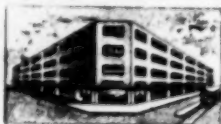
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Throughout the opera one senses a general absence of proportion between the music and the singing. This, I believe, is its main defect. Moreover, Castro, it seems, was incapable of creating clear and original melodies, and frequently descended to the level of vulgarity which was so commonly manifest in the operas composed by his European contemporaries.

The theme of "Atzimba" is quite trivial, and is in keeping with the melodramatic tendencies of his time. The libretto, rather poor on the whole, is of very slight literary substance, comprising a prosaic and loosely tied narrative.

Thus, it becomes obvious that in achieving its successful presentation the Opera Nacional company achieved a brilliant feat. And this was amply revealed in the generous applause it received from the public. Undoubtedly cognizant of its many defects, the public appreciated the fine skill and artistry defined in its staging. The sets and costumes were truly excellent. The vocal, choral and instrumental components revealed thorough preparation. The leading singers performed in a quite inspired manner. Curiously enough, the singing of the Spanish tenor José Soler, the only foreign member of the cast, in the role of Captain Jorge de Villadiego, was the poorest. His voice totally lacks distinction: it bears the popular stamp of the Spanish zarzuela and is often unpardonably false in note.

The soprano Rosa Rimoch was notably successful in the part of the Princess Atzimba, showing the fine progress she has made during recent months in the perfection of her naturally beautiful voice. Maria Teresa Garcia likewise fully earned her applause, and so have the basses Silva and Ruffino, in the roles of Huepac and Tzinziteha, the high priest and the king of the Tarascans. The baritone Fausto del Prado scored impressively as the Tarascan warrior Hirepan.

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It was up to the conductor José F. Vazquez, director of the National University Orchestra, to cope with the difficult problem presented by the play's faulty composition, that is, to achieve as far as it was possible a vocal and instrumental balance. But being unable, of course, to alter the composer's defective score, by reducing here and there the volume of the orchestra he partially coped with his problem. Indeed, the success of "Atzimba" must be largely attributed to the resourcefulness of this excellent conductor.

Abundant praise must be also assigned to Hernandez Moncada, who conducted the chorus, to Gloria Mestre who led the ballet, and to Lopez Mancera who designed the decor.

Thus the Opera Nacional Company successfully concluded the repertoire of eleven plays which comprised its tenth annual season, and included Bellini's "Los Puritanos," Massenet's "Manon," Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," Puccini's "Tabarro," Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," and Verdi's "La Traviata," "Rigoletto" and "Il Traviatore."

National Symphony Orchestra

Carlos Chavez will conduct the National Symphony Orchestra on the night of August 14 at the Palacio de Bellas Artes in a special concert for the benefit of the National Conservatory of Music. This will be the year's final appearance of Chavez on the local podium, for the season of concerts that had been planned under his direction for the autumn months had been apparently suspended.

The program will comprise one of Chavez' most widely admired compositions, the Saraband from "La Hija de Colquide," Beethoven's Fifth symphony, Stravinsky's "Firebird" suite and Ravel's suite from "Daphnis and Chloe."



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GANTE 3-B

Mexico, D. F.

Art and Personal Notes

THE painting reproduced on the cover of this magazine, depicting a street scene in Coyoacán, is a recent work by the noted American artist Roy MacNicol. Residing in a fine Colonial house in the heart of Coyoacán, MacNicol is completing a series of paintings, wherein he is alternating between objective and abstract themes, which are to be exhibited in the course of next year in the leading cities of the United States and Europe.

Meanwhile, "just to fill in spare time," the artist told us, he is executing two murals of monumental proportions on the walls of an inner terrace facing a patio of his house. "Humanity" is the theme. Semi-abstract in composition, these murals, with symbolically arranged figures and objects, project their story with veritable depth and imagination.

A VOLUMINOUS group exhibition of painting and sculpture by American war veteran art students, pupils of the Esmeralda and Coyoacán schools, is open to the public from the 27th of June to the 7th of July at the Biblioteca Cervantes (Corner Esmeralda and Heroes).

In all, thirty artists comprise this show, and the styles and tendencies they represent are wide and varied. Of the assembled works we found outstanding interest in a water color by Jim Horney, a pastel nude figure by Paul Berkow, a wood sculpture by Morris Gorovits, a painting in oil on a bull-fight theme by Ernest Martin, a portrait of an old woman in oil by John Martenstein, a portrait of a girl by David Williams, and the oil painting "Resting Clown," by Dave Pallock.

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Works by the following other artists are included in this show: Lester Epstein, Sidney Geist, Malcolm A. McClain, Daniel Welch, Walter Bachrach, Manuel Bennett, Judson Briggs, Nelson Cappuliez, Mario D'Giovangelo, George Grumblatt, Moe Leibowitz, David Lemon, Ed Mix, Robert S. Miyasato, Paul Morgan, Tom Murphy, James Parsons, Bert Pumphrey, Eda Ruda, Ignoscencio Vazquez and Hugh Wiley.

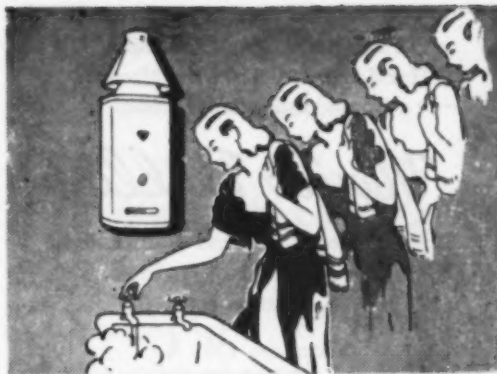
THE MEXICAN North American Institute of Cultural Relations (Yucatán No. 63) is presenting in the course of this month a group of paintings in oil on Mexican themes by the distinguished American artist Emile A. Roure.

Roure is no newcomer in Mexico, having painted his first pictures in this country nearly half a century ago, when he was owner of a mine near Hermosillo, Sonora.

THROUGH an arrangement with L'Art Pictorial Gallery of Paris, The Galeria Arte Moderno (Plaza de Santos Degollado No. 16-C) is showing a group of prints and paintings by various contemporary French artists, comprising those by Beaulieu, Baron Renouard, Yvette Alde, Paul Charlot, Forisier, Tronel, Finazzi, Hilarie, Wogensky, Montañana, Suarez, Mayou Iserestant, Alfonso Garcia, Pablo Picasso, G. Rouault, Dunoyer de Segonzac, Signac, Suzanne Valadon, Peinado and Pedro Flores.

Jointly with this important exhibit, these galleries are showing on the second floor a quite interesting collection of prints in color by the contemporary print-makers who comprise the Sociedad Mexicana de Grabadores.

THE Circulo de Bellas Artes de Mexico (Avenida Juárez No. 58) is offering at this time a collective exhibit of paintings contributed by the artists who



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form the membership of this circle. The funds obtained from their sale will help with the upkeep of this gallery.

Patterns of an Old City . . .

Continued from page 16

He perceived that her will, much as his own, had been always hitherto submerged in the unpliant, the unquestionable will of her mother. Her life, from the day she was born, through her infancy and childhood, the years at school, even after she found employment at the bank and earned her living, had always absolutely depended on her mother's volition. She had followed in this respect the acquiescent, the self-erasing the stoical appeasive course of self-survival he had pursued himself through all these many years. Passively, like himself, she had accepted the inviolable rule laid down by the head of the house—the enveloping, smugly righteous, devouring and complacent Mamacita—the woman who so long ago in some inexplicable way had been his primal hope, his dream and illusion, and who through a grotesque metamorphosis evolved into a trying burden, and finally into a monstrous all-devouring force whose onslaughts he had survived through impotent submission—the woman whom he yet owed one sole debt of gratitude, and that was for bringing their daughter into the world.

It was his only debt, and also his only meager satisfaction. For in this procreation she was inconspicuously eliminated by nature. Therein she did not bequeath a single trait of herself to her offspring. Inadvertently—as a goose might hatch a swan—she had only served as an instrument, as the incidental means of reproducing wholly and faithfully the human counterpart of himself. And to this sole extent she failed. During twenty-three years she sought despotically to subjugate their daughter to her destructive will, and though she achieved, as she has with himself, sustained submission and sufferance, she could not change her innate substance: their daughter's nature remained the same.

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Yes, he mused, to this extent she failed. But nature amply avenged itself with Pablo. Here it was entirely the other way around. Pablo had always wholly belonged to Mamacita. Though physically he somewhat resembled them both, there was not a single trait in his nature that might have derived from his father. He was authentically her child. From his very birth he came to represent for her a full completion, while her own true nature slowly asserted itself with his growth. He was her initial gain and her initial complete possession, the turning point which ultimately brought out her fiendish all-embracing possessiveness. He was indeed authentically her child.

As he watched his son grow and develop, Señor Ceballos was often grimly fascinated by this spiritual likeness, by the successive revelations of the same latent traits. In bewilderment he recalled that these were precisely the traits which during that youthful period of oblivion had so irresistibly attracted him to her. Her unpredictability, her affected childishness (even now, when she was fat and ug'y, especially when her words concealed some malevolent purpose, she frequently resorted to baby-talk), her petulance, her artlessness and whimsy, exerted upon him an inexorable lure. He perceived only the surface softness, the sweetness and the childish gaiety, and not the latent image of domineering grasp, of cold and calculated cruelty concealed beneath. And Pablo, whimsical, care-free, bore the same congenital mask of softness, sweetness and gaiety.

Shallow, egocentric and unprincipled about feeding her ego and basking in her adulation, Pablo was perfectly adjusted to life with Mamacita. From his infancy on, instinctively following a quite natural bent, as if guided by an inborn antipathy for his father, he remained at her side. Like his mother he opposed him with every fiber of his being, opposed him with a terrible stubborn patience. Thus he balanced the odds. And in the perpetual conflict which defined their life it was his vile hypocrisy and cupidity that seemed to win each encounter.

It was obvious from the beginning that he did not wish to follow in his father's footsteps. Mamacita

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had decided for him that he would not waste his life behind a drugstore counter, that he was intended for a much higher mission than that of a common boticario. He would, she determined, be an architect, a builder of lofty mansions, a designer of great edifices, of vast industrial plants: he would make his mark in the world. Hence throughout a weary length of years Señor Ceballos had to draw heavily on his limited income to provide the funds for his son's tuition and books, to supply him with clothes and spending money, while the latter straggled through a sundry series of schools; though in the end it turned out that he lacked a natural talent for drawing and was rather poor at mathematics, and that perhaps he would do better tackling the practical end of the business, that of contracting, where the real money was to be made. But it was not very long before he became involved, quite innocently of course, in some minor scandal of misappropriated funds, and since in consequence his company was compelled to suspend operations, he carried on for a time independently as a sub-contractor, and finally declined to a kind of go-between in the sale of sundry building materials: he became, in other words, what in the parlance of the trade is known as a "coyote." Yet even at this trite calling his unscrupulousness and irresponsibility barred the way to success. A ne'er-do-well, shielded under Mamacita's wing, he strutted his failure with a mien of arrogant complacence.

... .

Thus, with the whole sad sequence of his past emerging clearly in his vision, Señor Ceballos arrived to the final thought: so that was how we were matched—Rosita and I, Pablo and his mother, facing each other as antagonists in a mute perpetual feud, in a passive unrelenting struggle wherein each side represented the opposite side of the world... Now, from this day, I will be left alone to continue the struggle. Sort of, alone in the world... It will be hard to bear



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her absence. Inside the dismal house she was my own sustaining bit of brightness. She kept a light for me amid the dark; preserved a tiny corner of my own amid the desolation... But she will not leave me entirely. She is too much part of myself. She is truly my flesh and blood. And she is not actually giving up and running away... She has won her part of the struggle.

He paused and pondered with a sudden grim contentment. Why yes. Of course. Rosita's withdrawal is not that of defeat. It is that of triumph! She won the battle! She made them withdraw. They opposed her. They would not have it. They tried hard to prevent this marriage, to thwart her happiness. But they lost. Yes indeed, at the outset Mamacita put her foot down. She rejected her choice of an humble bank clerk. It was unworthy. It was absurd. But she could not overcome Rosita's quiet determination. She could not break her will. And then when she finally realized that she was completely powerless, that for once in her life she had met with defeat, she yet refused to admit it. She not only yielded completely, but in her indomitable vanity assumed a new front, striving to make it appear as if she had always heartily approved, as if she were the veritable sponsor and is if Rosita was merely fulfilling her wish and obeying her wise decision. Yes, he thought, Rosita won—she achieved something I have never been able to achieve.

With a strangely light heart he rose to his feet, saying to himself: we have won. For once we have won!

It was very late when he locked the back door and through a cluttered inner court emerged on the street. He walked briskly, almost buoyantly, because for the first time in many years he was consciously eager to get home.



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hurriguere: his Predecessors . . .

Continued from page 24

just as ready to interrupt with new fashions in education and thought and even monarchs. This she did with the Bourbons.

But in Spain's colonies, especially in Mexico, the style continued unabated for several more decades and developed into an "Ultra-Baroque" that has never been equalled for exuberance of ornament, nor widespread fever of building, and made of that land a gallery of elaborately carved stone facades and more elaborately carved, painted, and gilded "retablos" such as even the Old World never had known.

The Futile Life of Pito Perez . . .

Continued from page 15

of any ignorant priest. On changing the missal for the last prayers I glanced on the sly toward the Captive Christ. There I saw the sacristan talking excitedly, surrounded by a group of devout old women who peered with attention at the empty box. The morning with its cowardly light had betrayed the crime; and when, after the Mass, Father Knuckles and I entered the sacristy, Nazario came to meet us and said in a voice of agitation, as if announcing an earthquake, "They've robbed the Captive Christ!"

"What's that you're saying, Nazario? Have they carried off the holy image?"

"No, but they've carried off the holy cash out of his box!"

"Where is San Dimas?" shouted Father Knuckles, fixing his eyes on me as if to bore into my very skull; and snatching off his cingulum and his stole he pushed me by main force into a corner of the sacristy.

"Pito Perez, kneel down! Repeat the Confiteor and tell me who stole the Lord's money!"

"I don't know, father."

"He et nune I condemn you if you don't tell me who the thief was!"

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"It was I, father," I cried in anguish, frightened out of my wits by those Latin words which I did not understand and which for that very reason appalled me.

"With his fingers of wire Father Knuckles seized one of my ears in a grasp that nearly pulled it from my head. Shaking me unmercifully, he cried, "Away from here, you Pharisee, you filthy Pito. Restore the money at once or be consumed in the deepest pits of hell."

"When the priest loosened his fingers a little, I ran without stopping till I reached the yard of my home. San Dimas, who kept what I had stolen, I did not see again; and the whole town knew of our exploit. Father Knuckles himself proclaimed it from the pulpit: "Two traitorous Judases have robbed the church. Out of charity I will not say who they are, but one goes by the name of San Dimas, and the other they call Pito Perez."

"Ribald verses were composed about us, badly made, certainly, and still worse intentioned. But for me the saddest part of all was that San Dimas was able to return to the parish church rehabilitated by my confession. He kept both image and alms, as the saying goes; I, on the other hand, had the blame, and kept, as sole memento of my life as acolyte, my red cassock, spattered with wax and full of the holes burned in it by sparks from the censor."

"Pito Perez, nobody knows for whom he works; your San Dimas must have recalled the rhyme:

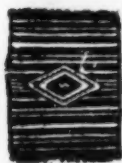
Thief who robs thief shall win
A century's release from sin,

and the proverb which says: "He who goes for the wool shall come back sheared."

"Please don't repeat to me any more proverbs. Every one of them may serve as a motto to the va-



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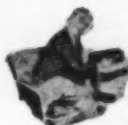
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rious chapters of my life. I will be on my way, for my windpipe is dry. Now for that bottle; today, at any rate, I think I have earned it.

* * *

'Why do they call you Pito Perez? Can you believe that, to this day, I do not know?'

'That nickname contains no malice, whatever some people may imagine. I will tell you how I came by it. Like other poor children I had no costly toys or luxurious amusements. My mother, who kept me well under her thumb, forbade me the street, fearing I might get lost in the fullest sense of the word. Just imagine whether that poor soul would lift her head if she could see me now! Exiled thus to the yard of my home, I passed the days quarreling with my sisters or making earthen ovens in which to bake mud pies. With my clever hands I fashioned tidbits sprinkled with sand, biscuits of mud, meat pies stuffed with offal, which I then persuaded my sister Concha to eat under threat of telling our mother about her flirtations with the son of Don Zeno, the deaf man.

'My periods of idleness I devoted to cutting a bamboo fife or flute from which, by means of patience and saliva, I succeeded in extracting, first a few unpleasant notes and then, after much effort, the tunes that were popular in the vicinity. The neighbors, listening to my long concerts of tremolos, arpeggios, holds, and trills, were driven crazy; they had flute for rising, flute for eating, and flute for going to bed, till they begged for mercy: "Doña Herlinda, do stop that whistle! Do keep that whistle quiet!" And Pito, for whistle, they called me, without ever giving me cause to feel injured by the name.

'After my adventure with the money belonging to the Captive Christ I gave myself with more earnestness than ever to my little flute, for my mother Herlinda, covered with shame by the Rector's proclamation, absolutely forbade me to leave the yard. Seated like a snake-charmer on the curbstone of the well, I passed my life making my sad and weary thoughts

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dance in time to the music of my pipe. But there came a day when, tired of my prison, I decided to run away; and at nightfall on a Thursday I left my home, telling my family that I was going to the church to attend the service of the Last Supper.

'Without a change of clothing, without a hat, without plans for the future, with only ten centavos in my pocket, I went at top speed up the highway of Las Tanagerias, and reaching the limits of the Cerrito I stopped to get my breath and make sure that nobody was following me. The town reached out its white streets after me, as if it longed to detain me in loving arms, but the highway, enticingly mysterious, drew me on. "Farewell," I cried in my heart. "Farewell, Santa Clara del Cobre, town that saw me born and reared, a sad humiliated child. I will return to you a conqueror and your bells will shout with open mouths to receive me!"'

'And what place did you come to next, Pito Perez?'

'Tecario, at daylight on the next day. Tired, cold, and dying of hunger, I made for the square, in search of something to eat and of a place in which to warm myself. Seeing me pass in the streets at so early an hour, without a hat, people must have imagined that I was from a neighboring farm.

'In a small doorway some women were selling cups of coffee and sections of orange, along with generous helpings of aguardiente. At the first cup I came to life again. At the second I forgot that I was a fugitive from the paternal roof and my soul was fortified to forge ahead like the discoverer of a new world. Though scarcely a few miles separated me from my home, I imagined that I had already performed a feat worthy of the greatest conquerors: Julius Caesar Hernan Cortés Pito Perez. At the third cup my capital gave up the ghost, but my imagination kindled its first gleams.

'From the bench on which I was sitting, I saw a big, well-furnished store; perhaps the best in the town, it was already crowded at this early hour of the morning. Two or three clerks, in shirt-sleeves, were waiting on the customers; and a bald old man, bent as a meat-hook, whom I took to be the owner of

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the shop, was writing with an air of deepest attention in an account book. On the highest shelves of the shop, with their blue and white paper fringes, stood rows of sugar-loaves, all proudly displaying the trademark of their factory: the Hacienda del Cahulate. Seized with a desire to possess, by a daring stratagem, one of those very loaves, I entered the shop, and approaching one of the clerks, I asked him for a penny's worth of chocolate. This was my one remaining coin.

'When I had the chocolate stick in my hand, I went to the owner of the store, and, showing him my purchase, begged him, with a humble dog-like expression, please to give me just a small piece of sugar. "Tell them to let you have it," replied the old man. I went to the other end of the counter and with a frank voice said to another of the clerks, "The proprietor says to give me a sugar-loaf," and I pointed with my finger to one of the big loaves near the roof. The clerk, rather mistrustful of me, said in a loud voice to his chief, "Am I to give this boy a sugar-loaf?" To which the old man, without raising his eyes from his book, replied in the affirmative, supposing no more was meant than a little loaf with which to sweeten a cup of chocolate.

The clerk took down the big loaf of sugar and I went out with it in my arms caressing it tenderly; and with all speed I removed myself from the neighborhood of that shop. This was the first tax I levied on the foolish, and my triumphal entry into the kingdom of drunkards, for the cups I had drained, fortified as they were with aguardiente, made me feel as if I had swallowed the sun in all its splendor. From that day on I spoke with the tongue of the spirit, albeit the spirit of wine, and like the prophets of antiquity, I passed my life in a state of illumination.

'You complain of your hard luck, and yet your theft of the sugar-loaf did not turn out so badly.'

'That was not a theft; it was a loan obtained with God's permission. I never possess myself of anything which is another's without first making a mental prayer to Him who created all things and is, for that very reason, the absolute owner of all that

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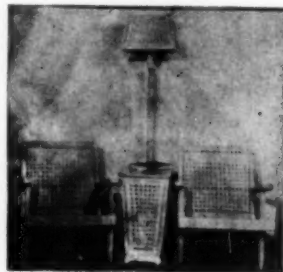
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exists. If my prayer is acceptable to the Lord, He permits me to take what I need; and if it is not acceptable to Him, He puts the temporary owner on his guard; and the latter in his turn, by whatever means He pleases, prevents me from carrying out my design."

"Pito Perez, you are truly grandiose."

"'Gracious' would be the better word, since I live and drink by the purest grace. But do not have much confidence in my own system, because I know all the while that what life gives with one hand it takes away with the other."

"In a wretched shop on the outskirts of Tecario I sold the sugar-loaf and pursued my way, fearful lest some policeman should, by his presence, embitter so much sweetness. With my flute at my lips I trudged along the roads, the lanes, the foot-paths in the hills, dreaming—this was pure illusion!—that I would teach the birds to sing; but the birds flew away in alarm on hearing the harsh notes of my instrument, and as if in protest, trilled in the branches of every tree. What do the birds sing? What divine romance without words, fit to move the dull ear of a drunkard? "Wait, little wandering bird," I said to the cautious little creature, seeing it hide in the top of a gigantic pine. "I am going to play you the Misere-re from Il Trovatore, a piece I learned from listening to Hilario, the organist, while His Reverence was elevating the Host." But the bird trilled its own Ninth Symphony and went its way without listening to me."

"At length, by easy stages I came to Urapa, and in that rag-tag-and-bobtail town, situated within the hot country, I applied for work as a druggist's assistant."

"What is your name, boy?" the druggist asked me.

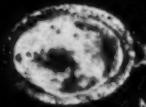
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"Make pills," I replied, without untruthfulness, remembering how often my fingers had explored my nasal cavities.

"And what else?" inquired the apothecary, measuring me with his eyes.

"Patent medicines, foreign style."

"Then I will try you for a few days," said the old man, "and see if you suit me."

Filled with the best intentions I went to work in the drugstore. The proprietor was a man some fifty years old; he was named José de Jesús Jiménez and weighed over three hundred pounds, even after trying every kind of diet recommended for growing thin. The shop was hardly large enough to hold him, and at his tread the bottles, the jars, and the pots trembled as if shaken by an earthquake.

He did not leave the house to attend either the church or the sessions of the Town Council; and he was of a laziness so dangerous to his clients that in making up the prescriptions he was capable of substituting valerian for quinine, rather than get up from the arm-chair in which he rested his posterior as in a mold made to his exact measure. As he could not be vain of his body, which was that of a eask without hoops, or of his face, which had all melted away into double chins, he prided himself on having studied his profession in one of the best schools in the world, as he proclaimed at all hours; and had placed in the sign of his shop, which he called the Providence Pharmacy, a circle containing an allegory entitled the Attributes of Medicine, and this legend in gold letters:

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had written beneath all these titles another one:

Ex-Cremant

The apothecary's wife was named Jovita Jaramillo, and from her initials and those of her husband the drugstore was called in the town "The Graveyard of J's." Doña Jovita was about forty; thin and yellow, but with correct features and green eyes that contrasted with the color of her skin and with the chestnut-black of her hair. Though married twelve years she had never had any children; a fact which had certainly played some part in souring her disposition and in making her such a scold that her husband never ventured to lift his head in her presence.

Through taking great pains to perform whatever they commanded, I began to gain the good-will of this couple. To indulge his laziness the druggist used to seat himself in his chair, and fanning himself with a newspaper, passed the days telling me what was in the bottles and the customary uses of the medicines they contained. He never failed to advise me that in making up the prescriptions I ought always to use a similar but cheaper substance than the one called for; bicarbonate of soda, for example, in place of picrolite, sugar in place of antipyrine.

"Doctors like to prescribe unusual drugs," he said, "above all when they know we don't happen to have them in our shops; but the science of pharmacy aids us to protect ourselves from such wiles, to the benefit of humanity, for by simplifying the prescriptions we kill fewer people. I, such as you see me here, have saved many lives and some money for the comfort of my old age, by making up potions of plain sugar-water and pills of harmless starch. Learn from



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me, Jesús; follow my example honorably, and taste the fruits of a quiet conscience and a satisfied purse."

Following his advice I began to make up fanciful prescriptions and to take pleasure in the task, like the cook who mixes a little imagination with the ingredients of his dishes. In pharmacy, if one has a taste for the picturesque, it is possible to employ, without harm, colors that delight the eyes of the sick: syrup of saffron flowers, or of red currants, in the proportions of one to two, for children suffering from diarrhea. Vegetable green turns ordinary pills into uncut emeralds which women will take without repugnance, owing to their fondness for adornments and for gems. But what most satisfied our customers was the use of alcohol mixed in moderate quantities in the boiled water of the drafts, of the possets, and of the other potions. At the first dose the sick people cheered up, sang, and slept well; and some of them, to the honor and reputation of the doctor who was attending them, escaped a certain death. Afterward they continued taking the prescriptions in order, it seems to preserve them from all manner of ills. I, as if afflicted with every disease of the town, made use of all these medicines myself, tasting them and savoring them as a confectioner does his jams and jellies.

Thus employed I had, all in all, an excellent situation. I slept on a cot in the back room of the shop where, by answering the night calls, I spared Don J. de J. the necessity of breaking his peaceful slumbers; I ate the same daily fare as my employers: at the mid-day a brimming plate of hot soup and another of rice, meat, and beans. The proprietor served double helpings of everything and took his soup by breathing it in noisily from a tureen, after seasoning it with fifteen different things: plantains, salt, lemon, chile, pomegranate, marjoram, green corn, avocado, pieces of tortilla, a dash of red wine, another of oil, pieces of French bread, slices of hard-boiled egg, onions, and potatoes. Every day he prepared this complicated recipe himself, with the superstitious expression of a priest celebrating a strange rite, under the indifferent eyes of Doña Jovita, who never for a moment ceased to complain of this or that imaginary malady. Besides all this I had, within reach of my hand, the cordial bottles of the pharmacy and a cash-box which modestly supported my needs. Moreover, Urapa was a small town, scantily inhabited, in which any inquiries my loving family might make as to my whereabouts were not likely to reach me. Hence the town was a paradise to me; exempt from the inconvenience of living with the animals of creation, each and every one of these being safely locked up in his own house.

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"With my saintly face I carried the bottle of liniment to the room where my mistress, face down on her bed, lay moaning pitifully. There was a pain, she said, in her side, in her back, in her neck; and she could not bear, on her body, so much as the weight of a fly. 'It's this rheumatism that makes me cry out so, going all up and down me the way it does,' she said in the voice of a spoiled child; 'but my husband never thinks of my health; he would never offer to give me a little rubbing with anything. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! For pity's sake, do rub a little liniment on my back!' And Doña Jovita sat up to loosen the fastenings of her dress.

"My soul kindled with warm compassion for the pain of that unhappy sufferer; and with my thoughts on God, I put my hand through the opening in her dress and began gently to rub her bare shoulder. 'That's right,' said the sick woman in a voice of supplication. Presently she turned over on her back and with her eyes closed murmured, 'In my waist, too, and in my chest, just to stop this pain that's killing me!'"

"My hand obeyed, and as it moved upward, came upon two solid domes with firm cupolas. 'That's right,' repeated the sick woman, putting both her arms around my neck.

"The effects of the treatment were surprising. Every afternoon the sufferer called from the depths of her room, with pitiful moans, 'Boy, bring the liniment!' Every afternoon I took the bottle from its shelf and hastened dutifully on my errand of mercy. Meanwhile Don J. de J. remained in the front of the shop, motionless in his armchair. But one day, one of those fateful days which I ought to tell about in a

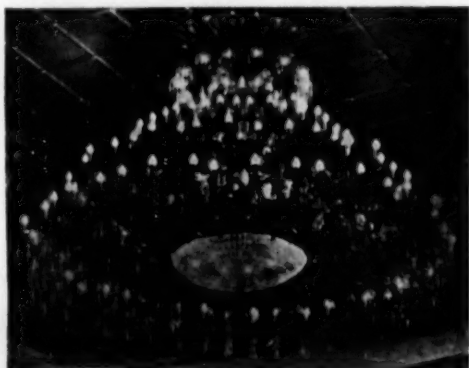


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voice equivalent to italic letters, three difficult customers arrived in the shop at once; and the apothecary, making a superhuman effort, came to the back of the house in search of me. He pushed open the door of the bedroom, and seeing what he saw there, stood transfixed. Dazed with surprise I got down from the bed as if walking in my sleep and stumbled from the room; Doña Jovita screamed as if she were being flayed; and the druggist, waking from his astonishment, began with rounded eloquence to call his wife a bawd, an ungrateful wretch, and a corruptor of minors.

'Without stopping to collect my scanty savings, I abandoned the house by the gate of the yard, so dreading the wrath of that outraged husband that I resolved to leave the town at once; I would have left the earthly globe itself had it been possible to do so without quitting this life.

'That night, traveling my long road, I thought sadly, "How brief are the festivals of this world, and how easily do we allow ourselves to be deceived by vain appearances!" Once more I was a wayfarer without food or shelter; all through having forgotten the story of Potiphar's wife. In my weariness I vividly recalled my tranquil and pampered life in the apothecary's house, the substantial meals, the drafts of adulterated haemoglobin, and the generous yield of the cash-box: all lost to be forever, because of Doña Jovita's unsuspected warmth.'

'You are more of a poet than I, Pito Perez! And where did you go after your love-passage with the druggist's wife?'

'I will tell you tomorrow; now I must go and console myself with a few drinks for the pangs we have stirred up. To speak of the past is to resuscitate a dead man, and I have courage to talk with the dead only when I am drunk.'

To be continued.



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Continued from page 18

to enjoy the marimba concert and watch the people dance on the pavement.

Neither the Señora nor her sister was visible at six o'clock breakfast next morning. The young girl served us coffee and totopos, and Barker a slice of watermelon. She did it very cheerfully, though I though she looked tired about the eyes. When I said good-bye to her and thanked her, I slipped several silver one-peso pieces into her hand. In her astonishment and delight she dropped the coins and they rang out on the pavement of the patio. Barker glanced about as the girl in her pleasurable confusion retrieved the coins. "Four pesos," he murmured. "That's a fortune for her—precisely what my wife pays her a month."

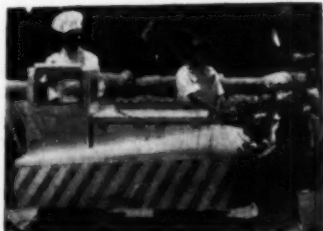
I refrained from expressing astonishment, though Myers and I exchanged a noncommittal glance. Forty-five American cents a month for a maid—up before six and still ironing clothes after ten at night. Living in the tropics was even cheaper than I had conceived. But in a short time, when the Pan-American Highway had cut the corner off the Barker drawing-room and rooms for guests had been built on the property next door, and American money left in the Isthmus and minimum-hour laws were passed—well, here too the servant situation would doubtless be drastically changed.

The seven-o'clock air was very fresh as we walked to the station. Cartloads of cut flowers being unloaded at the market as we passed made the morning fragrant. When we got to the station it looked as if we had come to the end of the rainbow. Not that there was a pot of gold, but that the rainbow itself was concentrated in one dazzling lake of color. The businesswomen about to set out for the Atlantic side of the Isthmus were arrayed in all their glory. And they bore purple baskets and red trays of fruits and foods to sell along the way.

The dew-moist buttercups made the railroad track look like a run of molten gold in some celestial smelter. The rising sun turned the flanks of the yoked white oxen to silver and the great solid wheels of the carts to disks of burnished copper. A sea breeze from the west came like a harbinger preceeding the train as it whistled for the river bridge at the far end of the town behind us. The wind stirred up the gold-flecked dust where the oxen waited, and blew it toward the platform as the women stooped for their baskets, balanced trays on their heads, and gathered their children about them. The rumbling engine seemed to mow down the buttercups, and its mechanical breath swirled the women's flounces. When we said

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our last adieu, Barker seemed regretful to see us go.

Musical Instruments of Ancient Mexico . . .

Continued from page 12

The role that flutes played in religious ceremonies, and especially in the Fiesta called Toxcatl, was very great. According to Padre José Acosta in his, "Historia Natural y Moral de Las Indias," the fiesta began in this manner:

"Before the feast began they took the curtain off from the door of the temple, so that their deity could be seen by all, and, on opening, a dignitary of those of that temple came out, dressed in the same way as the idol, with some flowers in his hand and a small clay flute with a sharp sound. He turned to the East and played the flute, and turning to the West North and South he did the same. Thus he played towards the four parts of the world, denoting that those present and absent were to listen to him and prepare themselves.

"In playing this little flute, the thieves, fornicators, homicides and all other kinds of delinquents, felt great fear and sadness, and some cut themselves in such a way could not dissimulate having sinned. And so all those sinners did not ask any other thing from their deity, but that their crimes would not be discovered, spilling many tears with great compunction and repentance, offering great quantities of incense to placate their deity. The brave and valiant men and all of the old soldiers, on hearing the flute, with great fervor and devotion, asked the creator god and the deity by whom we live, and the sun, that they be given victory against their enemies, and strength to take many captives, to honor their sacrifices. They held this ceremony ten days before the fiesta in which the priest played the flute so that all could make the adoration of picking up dirt with their finger and eating it, and ask the idols what they most desired, each day praying with eyes raised to the sky."

The victim for this sacrifice of Toxcatl, who represented the god Tzacatlipoeca, was taught by the



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priests to play a flute which he carried all through the streets. He would often walk through the suburbs at midnight with his flute, and with bells fastened to his ankles, waking the people with his noise. They were then to leap from their beds and hurry to pay him homage, carrying incense burners in their hands to honor him. Then, on the fatal day of his sacrifice, the victim walked up the temple steps, stopping on each step to play a flute, and to break one on each step.

This flute symbolized the voice of Tezeatlipoa, god of the night skies, and of the night wind. The flute that the victim played, in a way represented himself, happy and full of life, only to be broken in the end, into what has been termed "common clay," like the end of all men. The flute might also vaguely be compared to the trumpet of Gabriel to which all men, living or dead, have to pay attention.

The flutes were usually made of clay, but some were of wood, bone or reed, and mostly of the simple "end mouthpiece" variety, having three, four or five stops. They were usually, in the valley of Mexico, made of well-fired clay, which was covered with a reddish or brown clay finish, which was then highly polished. The mouthpiece was always well finished and polished, so that the mouth of the player would not stick to the clay. They are usually quite short, running not over six to eight inches in length, although a few examples exist of over a foot in length.

Whistles were made of bamboo, bones of animals, (such as the leg bone of the deer), or of clay. Clay whistles are found in many parts of Mexico, and reach the most remote periods of the Archaic cultures. They are often made quite elaborately and charmingly, in the shapes of humans, dogs, ducks, birds of all kinds, monkeys, skulls, and many other such effigy forms. The whistles have one, two or three blow holes, and may have several stops. There are also ocarina-whistles with three, four or more stops. Several have been found which give perfect tones, which is quite a feat of the potters' art, considering that there is practically no way to predict how much clay will shrink in firing, and thus change tone. The whistles were mostly used to signal with, according to ancient sources, but there are so very many of them that they must have been used for other purposes as well.

Turtle shell percussion instruments, called Ayotl, were used a great deal by the Tarascans and other coast dwellers. They were made from the shells of sea turtles and were often painted, carved or decorated with gold bordering. They beat on the carapace with the palm of the hand, bone of the deer, or with hard-wood sticks.

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Small instruments made of bone, (jaguar, deer or human), called Chieahuastli, were quite popular. The bone was carved with a series of parallel horizontal notches, which were scraped with a stick or deer-horn to produce a rasping sound.

Another rather unusual musical instrument was that known as the Omichicahuastli. This was a rattling stick, found mostly among the Aztecs and Maya. Sometimes it was adorned with feathers and bells. It played an important part in fertility rites and is thought to be a magical representation of a phallus, as it was sometimes used in spring ceremonies to open a hole in the ground in which to place seed.

Rattles, called Ayacatzli, were also in wide use. One type consisted of a dried gourd, painted and decorated with feathers. Some are smooth, while others have many perforations. Rattling noises were also produced by hanging a series of objects together so they would clash together when the wearer moved. Such objects as: deer-hoofs, fruit shells, cocoons, dried nuts, sea-shells, bones and metal bells were usually strung on a string or leather band, or used bunched up. They were sometimes tied upon the body, but usually worn on the ankles or arms, although it is said that they may have been worn on dancing helmets.

We are informed by Padre Sahagún that the Aztecs wore deer-hoofs tied to their left ankles, at a fiesta named Uei Tecuilhuitl.

Shells, called Oyualli, are belt tinklers, but were also worn on the ankles.

Copper bells, called coyolli, were also worn on different parts of the body (attached to gilded leather bands), but especially around the ankles when they danced. These are usually quite small, and their length is rarely over three inches long. They were usually slit at the bottom and had a little rattle-stone

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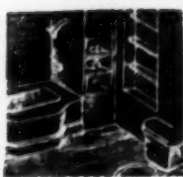
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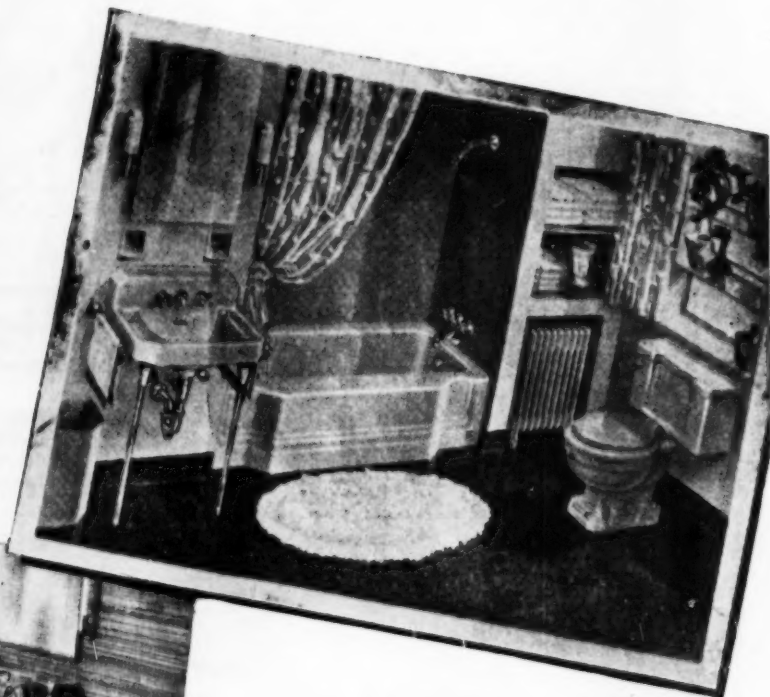
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inside. Sometimes war-shields had little bells hanging from the bottom edge, like fringes.

Clay rattles were fairly common, and sometimes were made in unusual forms, such as flowers or humans. An example of a clay rattle is the mold-made figure illustrated here, who is playing a double flute.

Great conch shells were often used as trumpets, and were especially in demand to signal the start of battles or of fiestas. They are still used today by the Lacandon indians of Chiapas, to call to the winds in an attempt to calm them, and to speak to their gods. The tone can be varied by pressure of the breath.

When the brilliant and marvellous new frescoes were discovered at Bonampak, it was also discovered that the Maya had a previously unknown type of trumpet, made either of wood or clay, very long, and with a wide opening. None of these have as yet been found, nor, to my knowledge, have any terra-cotta figures been found blowing them.

Another type of musical instrument, technically speaking, were the whistling-jars. These were usually made in two sections, one of which was an effigy, and when water was poured into one section it forced air into the other. This air was then led through a channel which terminated in a whistle.

Pottery figurines, vessels and cups were often used as rattles. The vessels and cups sometimes had false bottoms in which pellets were placed. Often vessels had hollow supports, with pellets inside, that rattled when the vessel was shaken.

The human voice was, of course, in great favor to accompany the drums, flutes, whistles, bells, shells, rattles, etc.

It should be stated that the melodies played on these instruments had a musical scale of only five tones.

Padre Sahagún, in his "Historia General de las Cosas de La Nueva España," tells us about special places in which the children learned singing and dancing. These houses were called *M'xcoacalli* or *Cuicacalli*, which means, "House of Song." The children were taught with very great patience and care to




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keep in rhythm, and they often danced until late at night. In this house were also the professional singers who waited for the Ruler to send for them, if he was in the mood to dance or listen to new songs.

Padre Sahagún tells us about one of these teacher singers: "First the master singer told the rest what they were to say, and commanded the singers to get the right pitch that he wanted, and he had made those drum-sticks with rubber tips which they use to play the teponaztli, and this and the drums were very good. He also had all of the costumes and disguises made, which they were to wear in the dance and the motions they were to follow. He also pointed out who were to play the Huehuetl and the Teponaztli, and those who were to lead the dance; and remembered on what day they were to begin the fiestas. He had himself fixed up with the following decoration: on his head were some tassels made of feathers and gold, tied to the hair of his top knot; in his lower lip a golden ornament or of precious stone, also some ear-ornaments of gold, and on his neck a necklace of precious jade or turquoise. Around his arms, some bands of gold and a bracelet with rich plumage, and holding a plume in the hand. He covered himself with rich mantles over his shoulder, and girded himself with a very rich loin-cloth. In this livery he acted as master of ceremonies for the chief and warriors and captains and all other people who were to enter the dance, and gave to all copiously to eat and to drink, and then supervised the dance. If one of the singers erred, or if those who plied the drums made the dancers miss their step, he had them arrested, and the next day they were killed."

Padre Diego Durán tells us: "They put great value on the knowledge of singing and dancing well, and of being leaders for the rest. In the dances they greatly esteem being able to raise their feet in rhythm and of keeping time with their body, and with their voice at the same time, because their dances did not only go by rhythm alone, but also by different tones

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of high and low that the dance makes, singing and dancing together in harmony.

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Master Mechanic . . .

Continued from page 10

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He considered that soberly. "Yes, one must be careful with a woman," he admitted, "as with a late."

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"A misunderstanding," he said, "but it is all right. You are simpáticos. Besides, you have promised to send me photographs. But there is one thing more. I ask a favor." He seemed embarrassed.

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